





Class PZ.3

Book L99104

P

Copy 2

PATRICIA

A SEQUEL TO "TWO BAD BROWN EYES"

BY

MARIE ST. FÉLIX

psued.

AUTHOR OF "A LITTLE GAME WITH DESTINY," ETC.

Synch, Mrs. Harriet S. (Husted)

"I dreamed, I was stationed forever,
On a bare little isle in the midst of the sea,
My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavor
To sweep back the waves, ere they swept over me."



NEW YORK

THE MERRIAM COMPANY

67 FIFTH AVENUE

Copy 2

PZ 3
L99104
P
Copy 2

COPYRIGHT, BY
MARIE ST. FÉLIX,
1895.

COPYRIGHT, BY
THE MERRIAM COMPANY,
1895.

12-12-21.
m.w.
P. 22-23
m.w.

DEDICATED

TO

Dearest.

" I mocked at Love !
Love seemed a little thing ;
' A small, blind god,' I said,
' With golden wing,
A jest when false, a better jest when true !
Laughter will always ring at thought of you.'
I did not know.

" I looked on love !
Ah, me ! I mocked no more,
Within his hand a flaming sword he bore ;
His eyes were great and sad, and bitter-sweet !
Beneath his gaze my heart, all laboring, beat.
I knew, I knew."

PATRICIA.

CHAPTER I.

"Long is the way and hard that out of hell leads up to light."

Paradise Lost.

A DULL day in early September was fading into the gray of evening. Children, tired of their play, strolled listlessly homeward. A group of small boys stole a ride on the back of a passing wagon, at the risk of a smart cut from the driver's whip, or a tumble into the ditch, as they were whirled around the corner. A tall, gawky lad, with trousers too short and coat too big, hurried down the street, stopping at each lamp-post along the way, to poke an odd long iron-rod, with sputtering flame at its end, up into the big square-frames on the post tops. A faint yellow flicker usually followed this process, but the boy did not stop to note whether success or failure resulted; he was in much too big a hurry to await effects. Having thrust

the pole into the chimney, he considered his duty done, and hastened carelessly on.

Beyond, on the avenue which crossed the end of the street, the clanging cable-cars rushed noisily by, frequently slowing up a bit, while a man swung himself off to the ground running a few steps to preserve his equilibrium, and then, of a sudden, striking an absurdly dignified gait, seemingly challenging the passers-by to dare think he had not been running in that helter-skelter fashion for the fun of the thing—not at all because he was compelled to.

Now, lights began to appear in the houses, and little heads clustered at the casement to watch the cars that flew by the streets in such swift succession—plainly visible from the windows of the houses by the corner. Then a group of eager little faces would vanish from some window, the door of the house would fly wide open, and a man, coming up the steps, would nod and smile, and, coming to them, stoop and kiss each tiny upturned mouth.

Honora Herrick sat in her own broad bay window, watching all the pretty panorama without. Nestled close up to the pane, half reclining on the mass of soft cushions scattered over the wide window seat, she was a picture of comfort and content; but if her pose indicated peace, her sad face and weary eyes quickly contradicted this appearance. She pressed her face closer

to the pane, and the cool glass soothed her burning cheeks, as she peered out in the dusk; but the sound of carriage wheels seemed to startle and alarm her, while her heart beat like a lusty trip-hammer each time a cable-train stopped at the crossing.

If he would only come! So long she had been watching. Surely he was very late. *Suppose he should not come at all!* But no—he would arrive! He might be guilty of a cruelty, but never of a discourtesy! He had written her a charming little note, expressing his pleasure at being asked to “dine at her dainty board” his last evening in Chicago, without a seeming suspicion of her underlying motive in requesting that he come alone, and brought her the whole evening!

“You are not to bring Teddy Page or Billy Bancroft,” she had written. “I am not asking them. I want you, and you alone; *and* I want you for the entire evening, so do not be making any appointments for later on. I have much to talk with you about. I may make you very angry; but if one may not occasionally claim all the privileges of old friendship, what is friendship worth? On the other hand, I am going to treat you uncommonly well, for I have just put away on the ice a most beautiful fruit salad, such as only Honora Herrick can concoct! It is made with

my very best claret and a dash of fine curaoa, and when I have fed you with a small dish of it you will be powerless to refuse me anything that I ask! Now, will you come! —*or don't you dare? A toi.*

“HONORA.”

What wouldn't Tommy Pell dare! Of course he had replied as she desired. But, surely, he was very ceremonious to-night, and evidently did not intend to arrive a second sooner than the hour appointed for dinner.

Again a car stopped at the corner, and she leaned eagerly forward with palpitating pulse;—but the man who sprang off was taller than Tom, and he was greeted, moreover, by two tiny boys who awaited him. He gave them each a small parcel to carry, and Honora watched them as they trotted proudly along by his side and disappeared into the gloom.

How happy every one seemed! Even the little lamplighter with his misfit clothes was apparently hurrying home to a hot supper, which undoubtedly was a joyful event for *him*.

She dashed the sudden tears from her eyes, and, rising hastily, paced impatiently up and down the small *salon*. Absorbed in her own sad thoughts, and in contemplation of the outer world, she had neglected to ring for lights; but the room was not in darkness.

The rising moon sent a glimmering light into the apartment, casting long shadows here and there, and making weird shapes upon the walls; but within a little alcove, at one corner of the room, no shadow rested. The pale moon shed a lavish light upon this small niche, flooding it with a soft, silvery shimmer.

There was a table in the alcove, with a vase upon the top, filled with long-stemmed Maréchal Niel roses. A child's playthings were carelessly scattered on a shelf below, and there was a book or two, with brilliantly colored covers. A toy sheep, with one leg missing, nestled up to a rubber dolly with a rent in her calico frock; and a picture book, decorated on the front with a big red elephant, ridden by a jockey apparelled in raiment which mocked the rainbow, stood upright against the table leg, and served as a prop for the dolly.

Honora paused at the alcove, and looked up, above the roses, to a little pictured face on the wall. A baby's wee face, with big, serious brown eyes, and fair, wavy hair that fell lightly on the forehead. A pretty baby, but with something strange and sombre in the gentle eyes, which gave the tiny face a weirdly grave expression.

The woman broke the stem of a rose in two, denuded the remainder of its thorns, and laid the flower on the frame.

"*My little baby!*" she murmured brokenly. "Can you look down and love me? Can you love your weak, *wicked* mother? Would you put out your little hand and touch me, if you could, my Philippa? Or would you run and hide, little dear one! *Dear God!* how infamously have I sinned! To be always, forever responsible for the ruined life of a young girl! There can be no other crime under heaven so evil! I can never escape from its brand! It has seared my soul. And all to break the heart of the man who broke mine! All to bring my baby's father deep into the mire—as he had brought me! And oh, my baby, *it hasn't been worth the while!*"

"I have had my triumph. I could drink my fill of his suffering; and it wasn't worth the while! It wasn't *worth* the scalding tears I have caused the poor little Patricia. It wasn't *worth* the remorse that pursues me!"

The baby's soft, sombre eyes looked gently down upon the woman lamenting—seemed to look censuringly back into the big brown eyes, of which her own were a counterpart. And the woman, bathed in the white light of the moon, her pale face tear-stained, her hands locked tightly behind her, looked appealing, upward, as though praying the child for gentle judgment.

"*Dear,*" she said speaking again, "do you know, I

am *glad*, to-day, that you are gone. I am glad, sweetest, that you are beyond it all. My heart has longed for your tiny arms and your pretty broken prattle ; but, at last, I cease to sorrow for you. I would not have you back. Blessed are the dead, for they are at rest ! ”

CHAPTER II.

“ So, when two dogs are fighting in the street,
With a third dog, one of the two dogs meets ;
With angry teeth, he bites him to the bone,
And this dog smarts for what that dog has done.”

HENRY FIELDING.

HONORA HERRICK was said by artists of the *Latin Quarter* to be the most beautiful woman in Paris ; but a mere line, a dimpled elbow, or a pair of fine eyes have been known to work such havoc with an artist's judgment that he has sometimes been blinded to any possible imperfection in the whole, by the beauty of the single point he set store upon.

Miss Herrick had many perfections. She was tall, well-proportioned, and, if somewhat arrogant in carriage, could not, even by her enemies, be styled ungraceful. Her small head was poised upon her firm, white throat, with swanlike stateliness. The deep brown eyes were rich in color ; her skin flecklessly fair ; and as for the hair of her head, one, more enthusiastic than the rest, had styled it *shredded sunlight* ! It was fine, and crisp, and wavy, and escaped being flaxen by the golden glint upon it. There was a long wide part,

uncompromisingly straight, from the crown of her head to the top of her forehead, and from this demure parting the hair was, brushed smoothly down and knotted neatly in the back. There was never a suspicion of a "bang," nor a "love-lock;" but, yet, it would seem, they were somewhat rebellious tresses, for they never would stay in the very meek manner they first were put. They might be brushed as flat as a tennis court, but soon they would kink and wave until each separate hair rippled all over her shapely head, even out and into the small, tightly-twisted knot at the back, held by tiny Mercury wings of tortoise-shell.

Miss Herrick's history was as famous as her face and figure; but her biography differed from her beauty, in being far from fair. Born and bred in a small country village, left motherless at an early age, living a lonely, isolated existence with but few congenial friends about her, and only the companionship of a father of whom she stood in great awe, she had fallen deeply in love with a young clergyman who came on a visit to their parish the summer she became eighteen. Thrown much together, young Philip Allan, who had been a widower the four years past, paid tender court to her. They read together, roamed the hills together, spent long hours upon a little lake in the warm moonlight; and at the end of one long sultry day he had caught her to him with sudden fervor and kissed her; had

told her how he loved her; had murmured such precious phrases into her willing ears that her pulse leaped and her heart tumultuously beat.

And she had kissed him in return—shyly, at first, —then, as he showered passionate caresses all over her pretty, uplifted face, her yielding lips clung to his own, with all the abandon of innocence. Her head lay pillowed in his arms, as she looked lovingly up into his glowing eyes, their fierce fire flaming into hers. His hot breath intoxicated her. She felt herself grow weak and faint—her senses swaying. Then she had pushed him gently from her and sat a little way from him. Yet his eyes still held hers.

“Sing to me,” he had whispered, and out into the stillness, in clear, sweet tones, rang the plaintive notes of that matchless melody, the *Schubert Serenade*.

“*And the night for love was given,*”

tremulously came the refrain; then a tenor tone joined hers.

“*And the night for love was given.*”

Then again his arm encircled her once more, his lips rested upon hers. “Do not shrink from me, love,” he implored her. “*Love me! Love me enough to be mine.*”

And there was no one to tell her that the love he plead for was the gift of her soul.

All the parish knew when her baby was born in Paris that it was born out of wedlock and that its father was the Rev. Philip Allan, for she made no secret of the story. Her father's sudden death, when he learned of his daughter's dishonor, the desertion of Philip and the announcement of his betrothal to a more virtuous woman, so numbed her to all sense of shame, so hardened and warped all tender traits, that she felt a contempt for every living thing, save one,—*her baby*. But even her love for her child could not heal the wide wound in her heart; could not make the world less drear. What mattered it who knew the truth! What could the scorn of all the world matter *now*! Yes, the baby was hers—and it was true that she was not *Mrs.* but *Miss* Herrick. The child she should call Philippa Allan—the father was the Rev. Philip Allan of New York. No, he had not married her—he had married *some one else*.

Philippa had been a strange child:—sensitive, shy, shrinking from strangers, seldom merry, but never petulant—always peculiarly patient and uncomplaining. Then after two years she had died.

When they buried the little Philippa, they buried also, in that tiny grave at *Père la Chaise*, the heart of Honora.

She hardly knew where she went, or what she did, in her first despair. The only thing in the world worth living for was now taken from her, and she plunged

into reckless rioting. She gambled at Monte Carlo where she won the devotion—and the roubles—of a Russian prince; she spent a season in Venice, where she was known as the friend of a Duke. She wintered in Rome; May found her in London, and soon after she was back in Paris, where she attracted general admiration and attention at the *Grand Prix*.

But it was nearly fifteen years from the day she sailed from New York for Liverpool, before she again set foot in America. A sudden whim to get a glimpse of the great Fair had resulted in her sailing the following day. The day after her arrival in Chicago she ran across her old friend, Tommy Pell, and he had introduced her to an acquaintance—Miss Allan—Miss Patricia Allan—the daughter of the Rev. Philip Allan of the hamlet of Schuylerville, Massachusetts. For there had been no room in New York church-circles for the Reverend Philip after certain tales from Paris had reached the bishop's ear.

Honora lay longer awake that night. Tom had presented her as "Madame Harjes." He knew Honora's story, and had learned Patricia's identity, and not knowing whether or not Miss Allan had ever been told of her father's early *affaire*—village gossip being sometimes most uncomfortably far-reaching—invented on the instant a new name for Miss Herrick, nonchalantly explaining his motive later.

Honora remembered to-night her last interview with Philip. He had advised her that day to retire to a Retreat. He would give her letters to a Sisterhood. He would forgive her that she had led him astray, but she should pray for the forgiveness of Heaven! How angry he had been when she stooped to kiss the little Titian-tressed Patricia, who toddled into the hall as she was leaving Philip's study! "Never *dare* speak to or touch Patricia Allan so long as you live," he had commanded.

And now! Here was the little Patricia grown quite to womanhood, at just the age she herself had been when she first met Philip Allan. Patricia was alone at the Fair, wretchedly uncomfortable in a cheap boarding-place. Honora would take an apartment and Patricia should come to stay with her. She had a few little tricks to teach Miss Patricia which would disconcert, if no more, the Reverend Philip.

Patricia should learn to smoke cigarettes, and should be given free range of the wine bin. Furthermore—well, perhaps not that! But Tommy Pell was a very fascinating fellow—who could tell!

If ever the devil helped his own, Honora was ably assisted. Everything went her way. Patricia was only too eager to accept "*Madame Harjes'* kind, generous invitation," and the consent of the Reverend Mr. Allan was obtained as soon as he had consulted the

banker's references she had furnished. And impulsive, warm-hearted little Patricia soon thought the sun rose and set in "*Madame Harjes*," and desired to emulate her in all things. Cocktails and rickeys and even *absinthes frappés* she tossed down her young throat because Honora had told her they were good and gay. Cigarettes, which suffocated her, and scorched her, she valiantly struggled to master, and did not strive in vain. And without any attempt at the achievement, she fell in love with Mr. Pell, as many older and wiser women had done before her.

As for Mr. Pell—he fancied himself very fond of Patricia. She was pretty and dainty and quaint. He knew of an apartment on the Champs Elysées which was verily made for her. There were moss-green hangings in the *salon*, and upholstery of green and gold. The tenant, his friend Bob Jerome, was about to return to America and had offered it to him for a song. If Patricia would care for him——

It was at the end of August that a trip up Lake Michigan in the yacht *Mariquita* came to pass. Tom was host, having chartered the yacht from a friend who was "doing the Fair." Honora was the very amiable chaperon. For the rest there were Billy Bancroft and Teddy Page; a jolly little English *soubrette*; and Patricia.

And, thereafter, everything dated for Patricia from the cruise of the *Mariquita*. It was "before" or "after" the yachting trip, that she located all things. The cruise itself was enveloped in mist, in her recollection. She remembered the start—*and the return*. Between, was a confused recollection of cocktails and sherry flips and cobblers; of rivulets of red and yellow wine, of blue and red and yellow ivory things, stacked upon a small round table, where Honora seemed to be always engaged, while such puzzling phrases as "three ladies," "a flush," "four beauties of a kind," penetrated the cosy corner where she and Tom were comfortably ensconced. And the long, languorous evenings—how quickly they had flitted by! The last day seemed to tread upon the first. And there had come a last night. How hard it had been to say "*Good-night*" when Tom had taken her below. She had tried—oh, she had *tried* to tell him to leave her—but he was so dear. Every one else was sleeping—they, alone, were awake. The caress of his face against hers gave gladness. The tender touch of his lips was a joy.

Patricia had remained below the following day with a headache, and Honora had gone to see her. She had sat down on the bed beside Patsy, and, holding the feverish little hands in hers, had told her the miserable history of her life—of her love for Patricia's father—of his perfidy.

Patricia sobbed herself ill, when Honora had returned to the deck. She was quite a little ghost when she joined the others as the *Mariquita* came to anchor. Every one condoled with her upon such a frightful headache. She did not speak much, and avoided looking at Tom.

Arriving at home, she went directly to bed, for the poor little head throbbed wildly. She declined toast and tea, but implored Honora to give her wine, and would not be quieted till it was brought her.

Then Honora had gone to her room, and Ellen had come to her to announce that the Reverend Philip Allan awaited Madame Harjes in the parlor.

The scene which followed was worthy of a good stage setting. The good clergyman had come to see the Fair and escort his daughter home. When he discovered *Honora Herrick* in the hospitable *Madame Harjes* his rage knew no bounds. Honora smiled serenely when he raved, and sneered when he plead. That he had been *duped* how it *maddened* him! O, it was an *infamous* thing, that she should dare take into her home *his daughter*.

And Honora smiled.

But this that she told him—it was *a lie*—and then he *begged* her to say it was not true; in tears he implored her not to revenge herself upon him with a falsehood. “*Say it is not true,*” he beseeched her, huskily.

Honora shrugged her shoulders slowly and her lip curled.

"It is no lie," she said, in measured tones. "Mr. Pell, who has had many mistresses, desires to add your daughter to the list. I saw him leaving her stateroom at daylight, as I have told you. Should he find, however, that he overestimated his desire for her, I have not the least doubt that he will do all he can for her. He will undoubtedly provide her with letters to a proper *Retreat*—some place where women who have cast honor to the winds, for love's sake, may be sheltered and hidden. That will meet your approval, will it not, Philip? and, it is possible, you know just the place to suggest ;" and she smiled again, that slow, sweet sympathetic smile, which the dangerous gleam in her dark eyes contradicted.

It had been a long, a trying, and a harrowing hour. Patricia had come in, with her hair tousled over her forehead, and clad in her long white night robe. Perhaps I should say that she *tumbled* in, for her gait was something alarming, leaving no doubt in the minds of her audience as to the nature of the nourishment she had taken. She refused her father's proffered embraces, declared that forever after she should remain with "*Madame Harjes*," and gayed his grief with merriest laughter.

But at last it was ended. Philip was gone—angrily

renouncing his daughter at the door—while she, poor little maid, was serenely sleeping.

Honora sat before her dressing-table brushing out into smooth, long strands her heavy, golden hair. She looked wearily at the pale, tired face in the mirror. There were dark-blue lines beneath the eyes. Her lip trembled, piteously.

“I have been bad, God,” she said, in the tones of a little child. “And now I am *sorry*! I might have been sorry, sooner, I suppose—but it is never till *afterwards* I get sorry! I will try so hard to atone to her in some way. But there will always remain the appalling fact that all the king’s horses and all the king’s men can’t make Patsy Allan a good girl again!” Then a wan little smile crept over her face. “I am *sorry* to have been so wicked; but what a beauteous moment that was when I told Philip!”

CHAPTER III.

“Life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.”

A SMART rap on the door aroused Honora from her melancholy reverie, as she stood in the moonlit alcove. She wiped the moisture from her eyelashes, plucked a long-stemmed rose from the vase and thrust it through her belt; then gave the invitation to enter.

Mr. Pell, debonair and smiling, stood upon the threshold. She pressed her hands to her eyes with a little cry. “The light is very dazzling! Or is it *you*, Tommo?” she exclaimed.

“And why are you shut up in this gloom?” he queried, advancing to greet her.

“I have been looking out into the street, watching for you;” she smiled, “and I had not noticed how dark it had become.”

“And I am very nearly late,” he exclaimed, very penitently. “You see, I was talking to a deucedly pretty girl——”

“You are pardoned! No man could be expected to tear himself away from a pretty girl—not even to get his dinner. I appreciate that I have you at all!”

"Well, you see, the girl was going to dine with another man——"

"Then I am indebted to the girl for your society."

"No,—to the other man. He came up just in time for me to keep my engagement with you in this beautifully punctual fashion. You couldn't thank the girl. She felt dreadfully to tear herself away from me."

"Probably she was wishing you would go fully five minutes sooner."

"I assure you——"

"I assure *you*," she interrupted, "that I am very hungry. Could you tell me about her just as well at table?"

"At *your* table, Princess, I prefer to eat; and," he added, following her to the dining-room, "I have brought a mountain appetite and Kentucky thirst along!"

The table was laid for two. Red roses were gracefully grouped on a mat of ferns in the centre, without vase or bowl. Tiny fairy lamps twinkled at the corners. A pat of butter rested upon a bed of lettuce hearts in a plate of delicate Belleek; and the diminutive slices of toast spread with caviare and sprinkled with egg flakes, lay upon a pretty Belleek platter with fluted edge.

"It makes me hungry just to think of dining at your board, Honora," said Mr. Pell, helping himself

to a glass of sherry and bitters. "I shall miss these delicious little repasts of yours."

"I hope you will dine with me in Paris before the year has rolled by," she answered. "How soon do you sail?"

"Well, to-morrow I proceed to New York, loaf about the town ten days or a fortnight, and then sail for Liverpool. I have some invitations to shoot in Scotland that I believe I will accept, and, later, I may make a tour of Ireland. I have confined my travels pretty closely to the Continent heretofore, and have a fancy for pastures new. However, I am very apt to be in Paris later on. When are you returning?"

"Almost immediately," she answered. "I began packing up to-day."

"Then I will see you in New York?"

"If you should care to," she said, looking seriously into his face.

Tom smiled at her gravity.

"I could not fail to care to," he answered. "Where shall you stop?"

"At the Waldorf, I think. They say it is one of the sights of the city, so I may as well become acquainted with it. I shall only stay a few days. If I arrive Sunday, as I now expect to, I shall sail on Thursday."

"You go by way of Genoa?"

"Yes."

"And Patricia?" he inquired, carelessly.

"I shall take Patricia with me," she said quietly.

Ellen passed through the room with a tray.

"Does she prefer to dine alone?" he asked, looking after the maid who went down the hall to Patricia's door.

"She has not left her room since the day she came from the *Mariquita*," Honora replied.

"Why not?" he demanded.

Honora looked back at him, meditatively, but made no reply.

"Why not?" he repeated, impatiently. "Is she ill?"

"No-o," said Honora, "not ill; but she does not care to come to table, or to go out anywhere. She dresses every afternoon, and sews or reads. She is not very happy."

"She is acting very absurdly, and very rude to you, her hostess."

Honora paled. "Tommo, nothing that Patricia could do would ever be rude to *me*. I wish her to do quite as she likes about staying away from me."

"And yet you say you shall take her to Europe with you?"

"Yes. I can hardly leave her here alone," she answered gently.

"Why doesn't she go home?"

Honora flung her head high and looked at him.

"*Because of you !*" she answered slowly.

Mr. Pell drained his glass dry, and reached for the Burgundy basket.

"You are very concise in your statements," he said coolly, "but they seem to me somewhat extravagant. If Miss Allan is to be a burden to you through any act of mine——"

"Patricia is too dear to me to ever be a burden," indignantly interrupted Honora.

Tom looked up in undisguised amazement, but the entrance of Ellen with the promised fruit salad prevented his reply.

"Don't forget that you are to say it is very good," she said, as she sent him his plate.

"Almost too good," he said, tasting a bit of peach. "You are treating me too uncommonly well. I am suspicious of you. What is it you will want?"

"Well, I do not want to go Scotland with you. I suppose you are flattering yourself that I am going to beg to go along."

Tom sat back in his chair.

"You want *something*," he persisted. "That's the way with a woman. She sends him a big plum-pie on a pewter plate, and demands the dish back with his head in it, nicely mounted in gold, for her clanking chatelaine!"

Honora smiled sweetly into his eyes.

"Yes, I have something to ask of you," she said, earnestly, "and it is something of grave importance; it is something—oh, Tommo!"—she caught her breath sobbingly—"you cannot, *must* not, refuse me."

Mr. Pell dropped his bantering tone and grew grave.

"You may as well tell me at once," he said, "what this very momentous request may be."

Ellen entered with the coffee.

"Will you have brandy with your coffee, Tom?" said Honora, "and suppose we have it in the drawing room—it will be cosier, don't you think? Take the tray in there, Ellen, and bring us some cognac."

"Are we to have coffee in the moonlight?" asked Tom, holding the bamboo portière aside for her to pass.

"It is possible there may be lights there, now," she answered, smiling. "Yes, it is quite brilliant, you see."

She stopped for a moment by the mantel to light her cigarette, while Tom walked over to the window and looked out into the night. She did not, as usual, prettily arrange herself among the gay Madras pillows on the divan, but selected, instead, a straight high-backed chair, where she sat rigidly upright, frowning at the arabesques in the rug beneath her feet.

It was some moments before Tom turned from his contemplation of the stars, and she remained silent till

he chose to come to her. When he drew a chair opposite to hers, and sat down, she raised her eyes to his a little timidly. All the fire and spirit seemed gone from her. She was so anxious to succeed—so fearful of failure; and it meant so much—*so very much*, whether she lost or won.

“Well?” he said, at last.

“It is about Patricia,” she said slowly.

“Well?” he repeated.

“I am not blaming you, Tom——”

“You are very kind,” he interrupted, in a satirical tone.

“*I* am to blame for it all. I foresaw everything that would happen,—and—I *let* it happen!”

Tom smiled. “Yes?” he drawled. “What a little comedy for you!”

“I supposed it was a comedy,” she went on, forgetting herself now, and talking very rapidly. “I did not consider the poor little puppet in the play at all. I only thought of my revenge upon the man who had ruined my whole life. I thought of my little baby, who had lived her short existence in exile and isolation, a baby to be shunned, a child of shame. I remembered the day when Philip forbade me to kiss Patricia—told me I was not *fit to touch her*. ‘And now,’ I said, ‘Patricia is in my hands; I can make or mar *her* future; she is young, impressionable, untutored;

my day has come !' You were interested in her, and I knew, if you only became sufficiently fond of her, the probable result."

"I must thank you again, Princess," he broke in, "and compliment you upon your excellent intuition, and subtle flattery."

"I knew," she continued, without noticing his remarks, "how irresistible you are when you wish to be ; that Patricia was ignorant of masculine guile ; that she is affectionate, impulsive, amiable. I know that life is without its savor to you when you are without an *affaire*, and I foresaw that Patricia was destined to add zest to existence for you."

"Wonderfully discerning woman !" said Tom.

"But I did not foresee Patricia's tears. They scald my heart, and drown my triumph. I have stabbed Philip to the soul. My vengeance for long years of misery is amply satisfying. But Patricia ! The poor little tool ! The young girl who was my guest, and whom I sacrificed to my hatred for her father, what atonement can be made to her ! when I see her pale face and sad eyes, I realize the enormity of my cruelty. It is only humanity, my friend, that we should find some way—to lighten her burden. It is the heaviest burden a woman can bear—too heavy for many—and I fear Patricia may soon fade away out of the world, for she neither eats nor sleeps."

"And your suggestion?" he asked quietly.

"Tommo," she said, bending forward, and taking his hands in hers, "I want you to marry her!"

Mr. Pell did not withdraw his hands for a moment, he was occupied in getting well braced in his chair. His eyes opened to their widest extent, stared amazedly at Honora. Slowly he took one hand and then the other from hers, and clasped them to his head.

"Is my head on straight?" he asked, in a very faint tone, "and could you oblige me with some information about my name? Am I Tommy Pell of *Londonparis-androme*? I feel sort of shaky somewhere."

Honora looked at him with a grieved expression.

"I am very much in earnest," she said.

"Has there ever been a commission to inquire into your sanity? Do you feel all right here?" tapping his forehead.

"Tom, dear," she said, with tears in her eyes, "please do not jest about it."

"Jest!" he groaned. "Great Heavens! I see no joke in the thing. But for you to go back on me, Princess! Only a very few weeks ago you assured me I should not marry Patricia; and I trusted to your protection!"

"That was when I believed you wanted to marry her. Now that you don't—I want you to!" smiling faintly. "Oh, but no, Tom," earnestly, "it is all changed

now;—then, it would have been silly to have married her, now, I *implore* you to do so—for my sake—for Patsy's sake—for your own honor."

Tom lighted a fresh cigar.

"You wish to discuss this proposition in earnest?" he asked.

"I do," she answered.

"You say *you* are the person particularly to blame, in the affair?" he continued, smiling.

"Yes," she said sadly.

"But *I* am to pay the piper?" he questioned, the smile broadening.

"I ask you to do something I cannot do," she replied.

"Yes," he said, musingly, "you couldn't very well marry her, I suppose."

"No," she answered, frowning,—“but you can.”

"Can! Somehow I don't seem to see it," he said, flicking the ashes off his cigar.

"And are *you* quite blameless?" she demanded bitterly. "Because I shoulder my share of the shame, do you request me to bear the whole weight? Oh, I am disappointed in you. I thought you more of a man!"

"I don't know what could be more of a man than throwing the whole blame on a woman," he said, in a hypocritically meek tone. "Adam did it. Why should I set myself up for a better man than Adam?"

"Tommo, I beseech you to be serious."

Tom rose and paced the floor for a few moments, apparently wholly absorbed in his cigar; then he stopped before Honora.

"My dear Princess," he said gently, "I deeply deplore what has occurred. I was certainly a cur. She is a very sweet girl and I grew very fond of her. Most girls that I have grown fond of have—in time—become mine. I did not foresee that Patricia would proceed to grieve herself to death—*afterwards*. I thought I would take her back to Paris with me, that we would have our little day of folly, and that she would be happier than down in that country-hole where her lot is cast. Really," he continued, pulling at his moustache, and speaking in a grieved tone, "you'd think any woman would prefer dwelling with me than residing with the *Reverend* Philip—wouldn't you? And now that she won't see me, or hear from me, or have a word to say to me, I feel very badly—indeed I do!"

"She loves you," said Honora.

"She has such peculiar ways of showing it."

"And surely when you cared for her so dearly a short, week ago, you must care for her yet."

"Not so much," he answered decidedly. "When a girl turns her back on you, and snubs you right off of the hemisphere you don't care for her so much, you know."

"Ah, but, Tom, *you* ought to know women!—her humiliation, her contrition, the shame of it all—she naturally dreads seeing you."

"Then how am I to propose to her? Through the key-hole?" he asked impatiently.

"No. Through me, at first," replied Honora, seriously. "I will tell her that you love her very dearly, and wish to marry her, and that I hope she cares enough for you to consent."

"H'm!" said Tom. "You will impress upon her that she is conferring a devil of a big favor upon me."

"Would you wish me to tell her that *you* are conferring a favor upon *her*?" asked Honora, with returned spirit.

"Oh, no, no indeed," said Tom meekly. "Don't intimate, even to your own thoughts, that it's the slightest sacrifice to marry a woman I don't want to marry—let alone marrying at all."

"Tom!" said Honora, sharply, "it is not that you *do not want to marry her* that I wish to tell Patricia; it is that you *do*!"

"Oh, yes. To be sure. I'm getting things awfully twisted. Well, I'm afraid I can't let you tell her that. That would be adding another sin to my record. I should be responsible for your telling an awful lie."

"Yet you say you are fond of her——"

"*Was*," put in Tom, laconically.

"You were fond enough of her to meditate taking her to Paris with you for an indefinite stay," she continued. "Why not take her now, simply establishing her on a different plane."

"Can't afford it," gruffly. "Not rich enough. Income all cut up in these hard times. When a fellow's married, it means a lot of things. If you are a grocer's clerk or a head bookkeeper you can get yourself one of those little tenement affairs to live in where there is no elevator and no hall-man. When you want to get in you press a button in the lobby, and some one upstairs does the rest. The door flies open very mysteriously and you half expect to see a Jack-in-the-box pop out at you. Sometimes the door doesn't open, but a voice comes shrieking through a brass hole in the wall to ask if you are a tramp, before the latch-lifting process is performed. If you get in, you grope up a dark stairway and find yourself in a little box with a tapestry carpet on the floor and geranium pots on the window-sills. One servant does all the work of the apartment, and ushers you in with her head done up in a cooking-cap. It is all very simple if your position in the world admits of such a mode of living. But if it happens that you are a man of any prominence socially, and desire your wife to have a proper calling list, you must have a house in an aristocratic neighborhood, and it must be handsomely furnished; there

must be a retinue of servants, good horses and smart traps, a box at the opera—and no end of things, in short, that I have not the money to buy.”

“But, Tom dear, you need not establish yourself for a long while. Continue to roam about, here and there, wherever you will. Patricia has never been anywhere, and it would be a great pleasure to her to travel.”

“Yes, and if I wanted to go to Munich, she’d want to go to Nice; if I preferred apartments in the north corner of the hotel, she’d want them in the southwest; and apartments where women receive have to be twice as large and expensive as bachelor quarters. Oh, I know what I’m talking about. I’ve got married friends. And I pity ’em, poor devils. It’s no use, Honora, can’t do it—not even to oblige you.”

“You know you are talking quite wildly,” she answered, gravely. “Patricia is a very sweet, unselfish girl, and would be a lovely wife to you. She is not exacting, and you would have your own perverted way as much as ever. It might be a trifle more expensive than your present mode of living, but I doubt it. You seldom travel alone, and you are accustomed to bestow *toilettes* and jewels upon women—I cannot see why it should cost a cent more merely because the woman happens to be your wife.”

“You may not see it, but I do, Madame Honora. It is not a diamond here and there you give your wife

—she must have no end of trinkets—and as to *gowns*, a woman in society must have a different gown for every function, I am told. It counts up like the old Harry, but you don't want any other fellow's wife to look better groomed than your own."

"So, because you want every penny of your income for your own selfish needs, you refuse to save Patricia."

"No," he said, courteously, "I do not want every penny of my income for myself—you mistake. I will be happy to provide for Patricia's support. I can spare her a few thousand a year, and will arrange, when I go to New York, to have the money sent you for her, at whatever intervals you wish."

Honora rose. "It is of no use to longer prolong this discussion," she said, icily. "I am to understand that you refuse to marry her."

Mr. Pell picked up his hat and cane from the table where he had laid them.

"You have finally traced my meaning," he said coolly.

"If you only had one decent, reputable reason!" she exclaimed angrily.

"I have," he said, pausing at the door.

"Then what is it? *Why* won't you marry her?"

"*Because*—I don't want to," he said. "That is all. Just that one little, simple, old-fashioned reason—I—*don't—want—to!*"

Then he bowed very low, and was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

"There are inscriptions on our hearts, which can never be seen, except at dead low tide."

TOM stalked down the street in anything but an amiable mood. This keeping your temper well in hand while a beautiful woman expressed unlimited contempt for you, was not such a confoundedly easy task. He hailed a passing cab, and flinging himself into one corner, chewed viciously on an unlighted cigar.

For all he could see Honora was bordering on paresis! That spirited, high-strung woman—whatever had come over her! Why, this new rôle was positively *maudlin*! Had she said to him—"Tommo, you are at once to marry Patsy! *Why?*—why *because I say so!*" in her old, audacious way, gad! but he might have done it. But this *please-oh-please* business left him a choice and damn'd if he was at the beck and call of any whining woman!

And he would like to know why a man might not live his own life in the way it suited him. If his income wasn't enough for himself, how in the name of all that was marvellous could he make it enough for two? He would be very happy to deny himself a few frivolities to make Patricia comfortable, but as to denying himself necessities—(and lots of things were neces-

sities to him !)—to make her his wife, why, it was all drivelling idiocy !

And then, this being married and having the same woman your everlasting companion every day of the year, finding her in tears when you didn't come home till daylight, and questioning whether you weren't somewhat extravagant in the matter of cigars, if you criticised her millinery bill—oh, hang it all ! it wasn't to be thought of ! Honora might go to the scorching below !

Meanwhile, Honora was moving listlessly about, picking up little knick-knacks to be packed away. She was restless and wanted to be stirring. She wished she could instantly shake the dust of Chicago from her shoes, and board the night train east, but she could hardly arrange to leave quite so precipitately. However, she could, at least, commence to get things ready to box.

So, she had failed ! and now, what was to be done with Patricia. She certainly would not leave the girl alone, and her apartment on the *Faubourg St. Germain* was hardly the proper place for a young girl to reside. The Duc Du Val arrived at all hours, accompanied by very boisterous companions. She would not care to have Patricia at one of those *petits soupers* of theirs, which began at midnight and often did not end till daylight,

when *risqué* jests were the order of the hour, and the wine-corks flew in showers.

If she could persuade her to go to school for a year, that would be the best;—simply to perfect herself in French, and to study art and music; but after such a taste of life as she had had, would it be possible to induce her to immure herself in such a very dull institution as a French school! Still, she could suggest it to her; and after that something else could be arranged—possibly a marriage! It was different in France, where the *dot* was of the first importance, and she would be willing to sacrifice a great deal to give Patricia a dowry. There was the row of houses the Duc had presented to her in a moment of extraordinary generosity, and she had jewels—ah! *beautiful* jewels—she would gladly sell every last one of them to portion the little Patricia.

Then her thoughts returned, resentfully, to Tom. She had always considered him chivalrous to a degree—but when it came to the point of causing himself any inconvenience he was just like any other man! Gallant in little things, but shirking responsibilities to the end. He was very, *very* disappointing. It would surely seem as though a man who had drained every pleasure in life to the dregs would be willing to spend the remainder of his days in a quieter existence; would make the small sacrifice of bestowing his *blasé* self upon

a woman who loved him ; a woman who had made—
for him—*the greatest sacrifice of all*.

It was not suggested that he marry any one old or ugly or stupid, but a very pretty girl ; young, charming and intelligent. He was not in love with any one else, and it was an absurd excuse that his income was not sufficient. Ah, well, let it go ! If the sacrifice of a woman's honor was a mere bagatelle in his estimation, undoubtedly he would make the worst of husbands—she might be able to give Patricia a better fate. Whereupon she gave the duster an angry flout, knocking a *Cloissonné* vase on to the hearth with a clatter. What a din ! Her fingers were as clumsy as toes ! She guessed she had done enough toward getting her goods and chattels into packing order !

Then she sat down, with her hands in her lap and her head thrown back, and trilled a dainty little ditty about how

“ He came back

From the town of Hackensack,

With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin, chin, chin, chin,”

but somehow the tone was not so merry as she wished to make it.

Then, all at once, up she sprang, and ran across the room to her desk. “ I will *not* give up,” she said vehemently. “ He *must* marry her. It need simply be a

private marriage by a justice of the peace, and I the sole witness; and then I will take her away with me, just the same as though there had been no marriage at all. He need never live with her a day. He need not even support her; but there must be some ceremony that will place Patricia honorably in the world, and rouse her from this dreadful despondency. Now, this request that I am making is a perfectly reasonable one. It leaves him as free as a dicky bird, and saves dear Patricia from a whole world of woe. If he does not consent he is a—a *Hottentot*! He deserves to be blown to dust with a machine-gun."

Mr. Pell was very comfortably seated in his apartment at the Richelieu. His slippered feet rested upon a table top; a short brier pipe was between his teeth, and he was bored by nothing more tedious than his own thoughts. He had been very angry, but, as is a way with mankind, once removed from the scene of disquietude he was fast regaining his complacency. The disturbing element was a tap at the door, followed by the entrance of a messenger, bearing a large, square, white envelope, upon which Honora's bold chirography was visible some feet away. He frowned, and tore it open,—and the frown deepened as he read. There were four closely-written pages, so that the reading occupied some several moments, especially as a part of it was

decidedly illegible, having been hastily folded before the ink had dried.

Mr. Pell read it twice through before he remembered that the messenger waited. Then, turning sharply to the boy, he tossed him some silver, and instructed him to return to Madame Harjes and tell her *there was no reply*.

Again, was Honora's small *salon* lighted only by the far-off moon. Shadows fell in the little alcove, empty now, save for the roses. The baby-face, and the precious playthings were all put away in their wrappings, ready for the coming journey; the ornaments were gone as well, and the room looked bare and chill.

Everything was still; without, the whole world seemed sleeping. The cable-trains had been replaced by tinkling horse-cars that ran few and far between.

Honora lay on the cushioned window-seat staring out into the white night. Her hands were tightly clinched, and her eyes blazed with anger. Her last *ruse* had failed. There was nothing more to hope. He had refused—*insolently* refused. He had *dared* send her an ungracious message by a servant! And she had thought him *a gentleman*! A peasant could not have been more discourteous. Well—she had made many mistakes—this was merely another one added to the list. She would do all she could for Patsy. The poor child should have a happier life in a

happier country—where there were good husbands to be had—if they were paid for! There were some fine little fellows in the army, with pretty red cheeks, and curling, jet-black hair, with hardly ever a penny in their pockets. Patsy should have one of these, if she wished. They were nice little dolls, and one would make her far happier than that boor of a Tommy Pell!

Then, a ludicrous view of the situation came into her mind. The mistress of the Duc Du Val selling her jewels for the money wherewith to buy a husband for the daughter of the man who had driven her to ruin! She began to laugh, under her breath at first and then aloud. O, what a tableau it was! And her hysterical laughter rang out into the quiet night.

At the farther end of the corridor a door opened, and a slight little figure, robed in white, with wide-opened, wondering eyes, crept down the hall and confronted her.

“O, Patricia!” she cried, “*do* forgive me! I’m *very* sorry to have waked you. I quite forgot I was not alone. I am nervous, I guess—and *tired*.”

The laughter ceased. Tears gathered in her eyes and fell upon her clasped hands.

“I—I really believe—I—I am going to *cry*,” she sobbed.

Then Patricia came to her, and wiped away her tears, and caressed and comforted her.

CHAPTER V.

“Man is a bundle of contradictions, tied together with a string of fancies.”

Persian Proverb.

WHEN Honora's breakfast tray arrived the following morning she had barely time to notice the service for two, when Patricia timidly knocked and entered. She had thrown a white crêpe morning robe over her night-dress, tied a pale blue surah sash about her waist, and thrust her bare feet into blue-and-gold Turkish sandals. Her hair was primly brushed down over her ears, and hung, unbraided, over her shoulders.

“You picturesque little creature!” exclaimed Honora. “If I were an artist I should sketch you. Come in, dear.”

“May I have breakfast with you?” asked Patricia.

“May you!” said Honora, reaching out her hand till she could grasp Patricia's, and drawing the girl nearer to her, till she could put up her face for a kiss. “May I have your society, rather! I am very glad you have come.”

Ellen smiled contentedly as she poured the coffee. She had been much disturbed over the very evident

breach between her good mistress and pretty "Miss Patsy," and rejoiced at Patricia's return to old customs. She poured the coffee and served the omelette, smiling quite impartially upon them both.

"Madame," began Patricia.

"No,—I'll not have it. You promised long ago to say Honora," interrupted Miss Herrick.

"Ho—nora," essayed Patricia, shyly, "I—I am going away."

"Yes, dear. I hope to goodness we'll get away to-morrow. I've had enough of Chicago to last me forever and a day."

"But—but, you know, I am not going with you," uttered Patricia, with difficulty.

"Indeed, I know nothing of the kind. I know that you are going with me to New York, where we will see all the shows we can crowd into three days, and then we will sail away to a good country flowing with milk and honey and happy days."

"No," said Patricia, shaking her head seriously, "I am not going to be a burden and a bother to you. I have been thinking it all out. I am going to San Francisco—which is sufficiently far from every one I know—and advertise for a position as companion."

Honora looked at her pityingly. It was several moments before she spoke.

"Yes?" she said, at last. "What qualifications

have you for such a position? Do you play and sing?"

"No," said Patricia, sadly.

"Do you speak French or German?"

"No," said Patricia, "not well. I speak a little French, you know."

"Can you sew?"

"No, not at all. But these things are not necessary, are they?"

"Well, as a companion, one must be either useful or amusing. You do not know typewriting or stenography?"

"No," in a despairing tone.

"Then, I can only see one qualification that you possess to recommend you as a companion—you execute very prettily a Spanish skirt dance—and you might find some gay old lady who would pay you a salary for this diversion!"

"I did not know it was necessary one should know any special thing to be a companion—I thought you just went about with some one—and kept them from being lonesome!"

"I fear there are very few positions of that kind."

"But there *are* people who do not care for music, and speak nothing but English, who sometimes engage a companion."

"They would want you to manage the household,"

"I could do *that*," said Patricia eagerly. "I always attended to the housekeeping at home—and I could write letters and—and read aloud."

"Your housekeeping at home was on a very small scale, dear."

"But I could learn," protested Patricia.

"And do you think some one would pay you a salary while you were learning?"

"Perhaps not," meekly.

"Again, references *are* occasionally required!"

"Oh!"

"And a young girl of your age with no family and no friends to refer to (I understand you wish to cut loose from every one you know?) may possibly be looked upon with suspicion!"

"Oh!"

"Then, when you find yourself all alone among strangers, the employment you seek nowhere in sight, your dollars melting into pennies, do you realize, Patsy, how helpless and forlorn you will be?"

"Yes," plaintively.

"Well, now let me tell you what I think would be better. I am sincere in saying that I am very fond of you, and I hope you will be fond of me, dear. I will be your very truest friend. I want you to feel that you can always come to me in any trouble and know that I will stop at nothing to help you. I have been thinking

how best to help you, now. If you wish to be independent, the best service I can render you is to put you where you can be taught to help yourself. In the suburbs of Paris, and further south, are some most excellent schools. You are young yet, only eighteen, and a year—or two—as you felt disposed, at one of these academies, would probably fit you to take some independent place in the world. You could take special studies—languages and art, or music,—whatever suited you—and I would see that you were made comfortable.”

“I have no money,” said Patricia, listlessly.

“You shall have,” said Honora, “all that you need.”

“No; I will not let you deprive yourself of things to help me.”

Honora sighed wearily.

“I wish to tell you quite frankly what my life is,” she said, in a low tone. “I do not want you to decide about this until you know the whole situation. My expenses are paid by the Duc Du Val.” She looked up at Patricia.

“And—*mine*?” she asked breathlessly.

“No,” said Honora—“you would in no way come in contact with him, not even through so remote an act as my using money of his to defray your expenses. When my father died, I came into sufficient property to very comfortably support me. One half of this I will make over to you, if you decide to accompany me

to Europe—the other half shall go to you at my death. I could spare you the whole property now ; but—I hardly know how to explain. Perhaps you can understand, that I do not like to be left *wholly* dependent upon the Duc. My quarterly remittances from my father's estate, give me a peculiar pleasure. I anticipate them. When I see that long yellow envelope with the little crabbed handwriting upon it of my father's executor, I feel a childish delight that I can hardly explain. I take the little check and go out and buy some special thing that I have set my heart upon—perhaps that I have been planning, for weeks, to get with this money, and I cannot begin to tell you what a beautiful thing this purchase seems to me ! The Duc may have handed me a check four times the size, that very morning, or brought me some jewel I have been coveting—but these are a mere matter of course, and seldom arouse my enthusiasm. You see—if I gave it *all* to you—I should miss it *so much* ! ”

“ *Dear Honora,* ” said Patricia, “ you shall not give me a penny of it ; and I wish—please forgive me—but I *wish* you would not take the Duc's money, but just live upon your own income—then you will be so *much* happier ! ”

A faint little smile crept over Honora's face.

“ No ; I should be miserable, to have only enough for the comforts of life. I am too accustomed to the

luxuries. This camping in Chicago in a tiny apartment with only one maid, suited me for this brief period, but I should be wretched enough to live like this in Paris. No, I am quite willing that the Duc should attend to my accounts—it is only right. If I am all to him that his wife would be, why should he live in luxury and neglect to provide for me? I, also, have an appetite; and while I am beautiful, as a living picture (I am told), yet, in civilized countries, something more of a costume is required. It would be a very queer thing for him to profess to adore me and neglect to do all he could to make life agreeable for me. I do everything in my power to make *him* happy:—I receive his friends, nurse him when he is ill, am patient with his vagaries, permit him to dictate what course I shall pursue in all matters, and am always *at home* to him. I am far more devoted to him than most wives are to their husbands, so that I feel quite justified in accepting a small share of his fortune. Even then, I consider he is in my debt, for I give him a devotion that could not be bought—*nor ever paid for.*”

“Yet you are not happy!” murmured Patricia.

“*Who is?*” said Honora, dreamily. “No! I am *miserable*. Luxury cannot palliate. There is always rankling in one’s inmost soul the fact that one is weak and wicked. You go upon the street, and women

cross over the way, who know your story, rather than pass you by. It may be that these very women have sold themselves for wealth, when they married, or are guilty of infidelities to kind and trusting husbands,—women who would stoop to petty disloyalties which *I* should *abhor*; but they cross the way, rather than breathe the same atmosphere with a person of my disreputable character! And it hurts, you know, it wounds; it takes many years to steel one's self to ignore slights. And when you see some woman driving by, with her husband and her babies, and see purity stamped all over her happy face, how you *envy* her! How you would fling wealth to the winds for a tiny tenement *and virtue*! While my baby lived, I did no wrong. When she was gone—what did anything matter! And I was so desperately lonely. The devil has no weapon stronger. I wanted some one to say a kind word to me, and I wanted to be caressed, and caress. We women with a heart—God help us!—must love and fondle something. It may be a pet animal, or a child, but what presents itself more often is a specimen of mankind. The Marquis de Morney applied for my affection, and I gave him the limited quantity I had to bestow.

“I will not distress you with the details of those years, dear. I went the pace to stifle the hurt in my heart, but the wound would never heal. At last I met the

Duc. He fell in love with me, offered me the world for a bauble, if I would accept his companionship as well. I was not so extravagant as to ask the entire earth, however, as a price for myself. I was much more moderate in my demands. A necklace of pigeon-blood rubies was the sole wish of my heart, I declared. On the following day, they were mine—and *I* was *his* !

“I am telling you, dear, my exact position in the world, for I do not want to deceive you in the least. If you decide to accompany me, I want you to know just what manner of woman you are trusting with your future. I have been very wicked to you in the past, but I want to be very good to you now. I should never take you to my home, you will understand, and should seldom see you; but I would leave you at the best academy I could find, and try to do everything that was best for you. Now, dear, if you will think it all over, you can let me know, by and by, what decision you have come to.”

Patricia sprang up and came to Honora, stooping over the pillows where she lay, and pressing impetuous kisses upon her face, somewhat regardless of where they fell, for she was blinded with tears.

“I have decided,” she said. “I will go with you. I will do anything you ask. I believe you are good, whatever you say of yourself. You have a good heart.

You are kind. I love you, and I will trust you. Please take me with you."

A tap at the door disturbed them. Patricia went to the window to hide her tears, as Ellen brought a letter to her mistress.

Honora's face brightened as she read.

"I beg you will accept my apology for my very rude reply to you last evening," Tom had written. 'I can offer no excuse—but will trust to your generosity to invent one for me. My departure is postponed until to-morrow. May I call on you a little later in the day? I have something to say to Miss Allan.

"Yours,

"T. PELL."

Honora glanced over at Patricia, but she was apparently much occupied with events out of doors.

"You may tell the messenger," she instructed Ellen, "to say to Mr. Pell, that we will be at home between three and five."

CHAPTER VI.

“Are you sure that everything in a woman lies, when her tongue does?”—DE MUSSET.

JUST why Mr. Pell had so suddenly *pirouetted* from his selected perch, he, himself, would have been at a loss to explain. He certainly never had intended to marry—had never considered himself ordained to be the father of a family! It had suited him to rove about the earth, and his conception of the duties of a husband were not compatible with several of his inclinations. One should certainly not keep a woman forever roaming over the country, with no settled abiding place. She would naturally desire *a home*—and if there were children it would hardly be wise to keep them constantly *en tour*; although they could be put away at school after a certain age, he supposed. However, there were necessarily a few years before that day would arrive. Meanwhile much thought must be expended upon their training. Then, a man should be an example to his sons. Plenty of old chaps weren't very worthy examples, to be sure, but, he thought that, personally, he should prefer to be respected by

his offspring; and he had never yet seen the day that he was *quite* ready to *set up in the example business!* Perhaps, beyond all this, the class of women he had known the most intimately were seldom selected by the men of his acquaintance for wives and mothers.

He had avoided society. The women of his own world bored him. The *débutante* was either shy or pert. If he paid her any particular attention, her mamma was debating what his intentions were, and discussing with other mammas his desirability as a *parti*. Some of the married women were gay enough—rather too gay, he thought. He had some old-fashioned notions about a married woman flirting. It disgusted and repelled him. He preferred the open profligacy of *Hortense* and *Natalie*—women of the half-world, who pretended to be nothing better, aspired to be nothing more. When he saw a woman with the blood of a long line of noble ancestors coursing through her veins, stoop to deceive, it angered him. When a woman, beautiful, gracious, cultured, the pride of race stamped upon her fair face, descended, in secret, to the level of a *courtesan*, his contempt knew no bounds.

So he swept the women of society into three classes. The Stupid Good, The Perfidious Gay, and the Order of Ancients and Honorables; and, having thus ticketed them to his own satisfaction, he departed on his rollicking way to the haunts of the Other Half who were not so

easily classified. To *marry* one of *these*, however, could never have occurred to his well-regulated mind. He was *a Pell*—which leaves no more to be said. The Pell women doubtless would have been relegated, by their relative, to the *Stupid Good* division, but no reflection had ever been made upon their chastity, and their descendant, Thomas, would not have considered for a moment the bestowal of an honorable name upon a woman of less fair fame.

And now—here was Honora with a multitude of schemes for his marrying! Not content with his decided refusal, here she was with a letter which simply beat the devil about the stump. “Simply a ceremony!” —*Bah!* Did it not tie him, just the same, whether he lived with his wife or didn’t! *And Honora would support her—it need be no care to him!* God! how coarse she could be! Would he marry a woman, did she think, and then consign her to some other person to support! He read the letter again and again, and the oftener he read it the angrier he grew, till he tossed it into his desk, in a rage, and went to bed.

But bed did not, necessarily, mean sleep; and when sleep came, at last, there were dreams. There was a vision of himself helping a toddling tot down the veranda steps. It clung, trustingly, to his big thumb, with its ridiculous little fingers, and laughed, gayly, as he tossed it into its perambulator. Then a white-

capped nurse wheeled it away down the gravelled walk, and he was alone.

Again, he was at the head of a long table, with a line of little faces at either side, and a sweet-faced woman at the farther end. He was carving a joint with great dignity and dexterity, and inquiring of the matron who faced him, how she had passed the day.

He awoke in the morning with a bad liver. When a man's liver is bad, his hankering for the flesh-pots of Egypt cannot be called extreme. Wine, women, and song he readily forswears. The Feast of Lucullus would not tempt him. He breakfasted upon salt mackerel, toast and tea, which can hardly be said to have enlivened him. Life took on a serious aspect. He recalled his dreams. After all, it might be a very sensible thing to marry—it was only this having a woman poked under your nose so that was distasteful. It might not be a bad thing to have a home and a family. It certainly was growing tame forever knocking about, with no one near who really belonged to one. When a man grew old and gouty, pretty girls did not flock about one, and now one could have something of a choice. However, he had better be in no hurry about it; undoubtedly if he had a home he was expected at with any regularity, he never would get there at all! To do those things he ought to do had never been one of his traits. He liked to flap his wings and fly whither

the whim took him. No matter how light the chain might be, he felt convinced it would weigh upon him. He loved women—they were the very breath of life—but to be *tied* to *one*, however sweet, would, in time, he felt convinced, grow irksome.

And then he read Honora's note again, and on this occasion read it more calmly. What a rude reply he had sent her—he would go out and apologize, by and by—or, perhaps he had better write her—she had something of a temper had Miss Herrick—and she might refuse to receive him.

After all, that was rather a clever scheme of hers—a marriage without any responsibilities—why wasn't it, perhaps, the very thing for him! He recognized that, with his temperament, a conventional marriage, with all its attendant monotony, would undoubtedly be a great bore, which would be somewhat unkind to the woman who did him the honor to become Mrs. Pell. But here was Patricia who was willing to be his wife, live apart from him and wait till he was ready to provide a home. He would go his way, and she hers, until such time as he saw fit to settle down in conventional fashion. She would not draw a tight rein upon him at any time, for she would appreciate the superfluous courtesy of his marrying her! She was pretty, bright and pliable; he would have her educated to suit his own tastes; if she had any sort of a voice she should

go to *Marchesi*. With five years abroad, she would make a charming companion, and he would then be ready, no doubt, to welcome her home.

Again, this marrying was the one situation in life in which he had not yet found himself. It would be a new phase of existence. How the boys would laugh! It would cost him just a *few* cases of *Ruinart* when the cards came out! The comedy of Tommy Pell strutting from the Boulevards of the Unholy to dwell in the By-ways of the Well-Conducted! They would send him a brass medal and a copy of "How to be Happy, though Married!" However, according to Honora's arrangements, that day was long distant. A wedding with no cards or cake or flummery—it was certainly a very dream of simplicity!

Gad! if he wouldn't do it! He would write Honora at once. It would make *her* happy, poor old girl; Patricia would dry her eyes and stop her snivelling, and so far as he could see he was not to know he had a wife till he felt desirous of her society; beyond the allowance he had already intended to make Patricia, it would not be a bit of bother to him—and, on the contrary, he would rather like the knowledge that somewhere in the world was a woman ready to come to him at an instant's notice, should he be ill—or dying.

So he wrote to Honora, and despatched the messen-

ger with all haste, before he should have time to reconsider—or repent.

When the messenger brought him Honora's reply he found him "bracing" at the bar. His liver felt better. In fact he felt so very much pleased with himself that he quite forgot he ever had a liver. He had been patting himself on the back for an hour past. "Good boy!" he said to himself. "Betrayed the trust—sweet young girl. Girl weeps. Thinks marriage due. Friend implores him marry girl. Marry sweet young lady? Certainly. *Of course* he'll marry her. No great pleasure in being run into the noose of matrimony in such a great gait—but Tommy Pell may be always depended upon to do the square thing. Yes, yes—he'd marry her!—have little children—settle down like any old bump on a log—and surprise the nation!"

Having sufficiently braced himself, he proceeded to dress himself with unusual care. Half a dozen ties were flung on the floor before he found one to please him, and he was equally hard to suit as to shoes. When he was finally attired to his satisfaction, he sauntered down the street to the florist's, where he invested in roses for Patricia, and adorned the lapel of his coat with a very lovely gardenia.

Meanwhile Honora had indifferently announced that Mr. Pell was coming to tell them good-bye. "I

think it will be best for you to see him, Patsy,—just for a few moments—I will come for you when he arrives.”

“ Oh, no—I *can't* see him ! ” exclaimed Patricia, in alarm.

“ You will ; because I ask it. You have promised to do whatever I ask, you know.”

“ But you will excuse me from this ? ”

“ No, I want you to come in, dear, just as though we could blot out the past month, and were all good friends again. Only the first moment will be hard, and I shall be doing most of the talking.”

However, when Tom arrived, Patricia was not dressed, and Mr. Pell thought it rather a chilly reception. Not that he had expected them to be on the doorsteps watching for him, or hanging over the banister rail, but he *had* expected they would be ready to receive him.

He took the roses from their wrapping and occupied himself in plucking them to pieces, and scattering the petals on the floor. “ Rose-leaves for my lady to tread on,” he murmured cynically. “ Tommy, me lad, it's my own opinion that you are nervous ; you are not much in the proposal line. Undoubtedly you'll make a mess of it ! ”

He lighted a fresh cigar and twirled his moustache into twine.

"Coming, Tommo," called Honora; "don't despair. How are you to-day?"

"Able to be up and doing, with a heart for any fate," he replied cheerily.

Honora rustled down the corridor to Patricia's door.

"Come," she said.

Patricia slowly tied a ribbon about her throat.

"*Must I?*" she begged.

"Come," repeated Honora.

"Did he ask for me?" Patsy persisted.

"Yes."

With lagging feet she came to Honora, and they went together down the hall. Her knees smote each other as she passed over the threshold. She heard Honora and Tom chatting gayly, and they seemed to her a long way off, and then she realized that Tom was talking to her. "You—expected me?" he was saying.

"*I?* Why—er—*no!*" she answered, confusedly.

"Honora has told you of my wishes—my *hopes?*" he asked.

Something in his tone startled her. She looked around for Honora to find her chair empty and herself and Tom alone in the room.

"No—she has not told me—I will go and ask her," she said, rising, hastily.

But Tom rose also.

"*I will tell you,*" he said, laying a detaining hand upon her arm. "Don't go. I have something to say to you," and then, abruptly, "Will you be my wife?"

She looked up into his eyes, as though fascinated—her own dilating with wonder, as she heard. "I am very much in earnest," he added.

The words were uttered very gently; the words were sweet; but where was the fire, the ardor, the impetuosity of his former wooing? The "*I love you*" that had caused her young heart to thrill with joy! the tender, passionate kisses that had warmed her very soul! Was this man with the kind, calm voice, that eager lover?

So! He would marry her for pity!

Then she flung her head high, and pushed him violently from her.

"*Marry you!*" she cried, with flashing eyes. "*Marry you*, to be patronized and pitied and *tolerated, never!* How *dare* you ask me such a thing! *I hate you—hate you—*always remember that—that there is no one in the whole world that I so *loathe—and despise—and detest* as I do *you!*"

When Mr. Pell had sufficiently recovered his equanimity to place his hat upon his head, and grasp his stick within his hand, he stayed not upon the order of his going.

Patricia had rushed wildly from the room at the con-

clusion of her mild burst of oratory, and he waited not to make his adieux to Honora.

Well! the next time he permitted a woman to advise him as to his course in life, he would damn well know it! Meantime his cabby could do a little tall hustling to enable him to reach the hotel in time to have his traps put aboard the afternoon express east. With which conclusion he hurried down the stairs, leaped into his brougham and was rapidly whirled away.

CHAPTER VII.

“Nothing is more simple than living. Nothing more complicated than life.”—MACAULAY.

HONORA having inspected the boxes in the kitchen, read, and re-read the addresses tacked thereon, and repeated to Ellen directions she had already explicitly given her, decided, at last, that she had lingered long enough for Mr. Pell to have had ample time to propose to Patricia a dozen times, and to have made several sweet speeches since his acceptance.

So, humming a little song, and with much rustling of petticoats, she swept down the hall to the parlor. *Empty!* neither Patsy nor Tommo were anywhere at all about!

She stood still for a moment, quite bewildered. “Patsy!” she called. No answer. She walked to the window and looked out. The brougham in which Mr. Pell had arrived was just whirling about the corner at a rattling speed. “Well!” she ejaculated, after homely expression she hurried down the corridor to Patricia’s door.

Patsy was standing against the dressing-table, her

hands behind her, tightly clinching the table top, when Honora walked calmly in, without the ceremony of knocking. Two little pink spots glowed in Patricia's cheeks, deepening the dark shadows beneath the deep blue eyes.

Honora looked at her curiously. "I cannot understand!" she said. "Why did Mr. Pell go so suddenly? Is he coming back?"

"*You knew*," said Patricia, in a tense tone, "what Mr. Pell intended to say to me to-day?"

Honora nodded. "I—suspected."

"And you took me in there to give him an opportunity to insult me?"

Honora looked yet more surprised. "There must be some mistake. You must have misunderstood. Mr. Pell intimated to me that he desired to marry you."

Patricia's lip curled. "You told me once that *that* was an insult—that Mr. Pell had been too bad a man to ask any one to marry him."

"To ask a pure woman, I think I said," said Honora cruelly.

"Ah! And now the circumstances are altered. Now, it is a kindness on the part of Mr. Pell to offer himself to me. Well, I refused to permit him to make the sacrifice."

"*You refused* him!" exclaimed Honora, dismayed.

Why had it never occurred to her to sound Patricia on the subject! Why had she not remembered that Patricia was possibly too ignorant to know that it was the only possible salvation for her. Why, oh why had she been such a fool! How furious Tom must be, to be sure! Doubtless he thought that she knew all the time what Patricia's answer would be—had plotted to humiliate him. She dropped into a chair with a sigh of despair.

“O, Patsy!” she said, “how unfortunate! What a *great* mistake you have made!”

“A mistake!” said Patricia angrily. “*A mistake!* Is it then a stupidity to refuse to become a merely *tolerated* wife? To accept a man for my husband who feels he *condescends* to marry me? Should I drop on my knees, and say ‘Thank you kindly, sir?’ Oh!” the angry tears rolling down her face “how *abominable* for him to think he had only to beckon to me, and that I would run into his arms!”

“How do you know he thought all these things?” asked Honora. “Could you tell me what he said?”

“He said—why, he *said*,” said Patricia reflecting, “that would I be his wife, and that he was very much in earnest.”

“I fail to discover in those words any of the sentiments you attribute to him. There must have been something more ”

"No—that was all. It wasn't the *words*," she went on, impatiently, "the words were nice enough, it was his manner, the way he said them—he was sure I would accept him for one thing!"

"I suppose a man seldom asks a woman to marry him for the mere sake of being refused. He usually waits till he thinks she cares for him—and—you had given him some proof," said Honora harshly.

"*Don't!*" cried Patricia sharply.

But Honora was angry herself, now, and not inclined to be kind.

"You had given him every reason to suppose you loved him very dearly," she continued. "If I remember correctly, you had told him something of the sort. Unfortunately for him, he believed in your sincerity and comes here to offer you an honorable position as his wife. His manner may have unconsciously betrayed that he considers he has sinned against you, but he offers, in the only possible way, to make amends. And perhaps you forget, Patricia, that he is the only man in the world you *can* marry—with any honor—*now*."

Patricia was very quiet.

"I do not wish to marry any one," she said doggedly, "and I *won't* marry *him*. I hate him! And I told him so!"

"That was very charming of you!"

“No man shall *stoop* to marry me,” she went on. “It is just as you say, he asked me, ‘to make amends.’ I have been weak and wrong enough, I full well know, but let it end where it is. It is no use going on and making things worse. The farther I am away from him, the better for me. I decline to be shackled to him. I have never envied Francesca—and I suffer sufficiently without Mr. Pell in the audience.”

“O Patsy!” said Honora, sorrowfully, “you are so wrong. If Tom has asked you to marry him, you may be sure he loves you. He will not patronize nor pity you. I am very sure he would be kind to you, and do all in his power to make you happy; and *kindness*, dear, is *so much* in this selfish world, where the general motto is ‘Every one for himself and the devil take the hindmost.’ When you have grown a little older, and some one turns aside from his own pleasant pathway and offers to bear your burden with you, you will have learned better than to dissect his motives, or fling him from you with scorn. You will welcome *a friend*, and take his hand, gladly. It may be only a little way he will go with you, but that short way will be brighter than if plodded alone. One’s situation in life, and surroundings, make all the difference in this world. It is a mistake to have the whims of a queen, when one is merely a speck of the populace. If one had the choice of the universe for one’s companions in

life, it would be well to toss aside aspiring ninnies ; but if one must select from the ninnies, I should say take one who displays a good heart !

“ Patsy, if you were all alone on the great desert of Sahara, if your camel was an amiable beast, you had plenty of provisions to last you to your journey’s end, and your guides were trusty fellows who knew the route well, and would bring you safely to your destination, so that you really needed nothing further, and there should happen along a gentlemanly fellow, who asked you, with all courtesy and respect, to let him travel beside you, saying it might be less dull together, and you could beguile one another with cheerful talk, do you fancy you would haughtily bid him go his way ? That you would criticise his speech and manner ? Or do you know that you would welcome his coming and find the way less drear because of his companionship ? ”

“ I do not see the parallel,” said Patricia.

“ No ? I am going to show it to you. I am going to be very cruel to you, Patsy, but I wound you for your good, I think. You are like the traveller in the desert. There are trusty servants near you, and no lack of material comfort, but you are isolated from the great world. As a young girl, living away from her relatives, with whispered innuendoes afloat, you will find yourself in a sad situation. You must submit to many mortifi-

cations, and swallow many an insult. But a friend comes and tells you that beside him you may return happily into the world; assures you that he will be your sponsor, your defender, your very true friend. Then, is it best to spurn such an offer? Isn't it a bit of a mistake to doubt him and flout him and stand aloof? To prefer a retreat when the wide world is offered you? Is it the best sentiment to choose ignominy when an honorable station may be yours?"

"Oh, Honora!" gasped Patricia, "I had never thought of it in that way. I may be wrong. Perhaps I *searched* for something patronizing in Tom's tone. I so despise myself, I fancy every one is looking for an opportunity to affront me. You see, when he asked me to be his wife, as though he were making a speech, not as though it were his heart's desire, it *hurt* me, and I grew very angry, and I fear I was very rude. I am sorry now. He will never forgive me, I am sure!"

"Patsy, tell me, do you love him?"

"*Love him!*" she exclaimed in tense tones, "Yes!"

"More than any one in the world?"

"More than any one who ever lived."

"I wish, then, that you had parted better friends," sighed Honora, as she left the room—leaving Patricia to sob her little heart out, and lament the calamity of living.

The following day witnessed their departure from

Chicago. Ellen stood on the platform, waving a red and blue bandana in farewell. "May the Virgin make yor bid in Hivin, Miss Patsy," was her fervent farewell. "And may ivery hair in yor hid torn into a candell ter light yor ter *glorry*," was her effusive benediction to Honora. Then the long train creaked and groaned, preparatory to starting on its way, and slowly puffed out of the station, leaving the faithful handmaiden, waving her bandana on high--a forlorn and fantastic figure on the platform.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ We are what we must,
And not what we would. I know that one hour
Forestalls not another. The will and the power
Are diverse.”

OWEN MEREDITH.

MR. PELL'S cabby, although he drove with all possible speed, did not succeed in depositing his fare at the Hotel Richelieu till just too late for him to gather his belongings together and make the afternoon express east.

Whereupon he alighted, in much wrath, and expressed himself in language we will fail to record, then descended to a place below-stairs, where they even labor to assuage the thirst of mankind.

The concoction set before him seemed to cool both his throat and his temper. He wrote half-a-dozen telegrams, a letter or two, clicked his heels in the office-window, while he smoked a very comforting cigar, and by this time had quite recovered his urbanity. His anger against Honora and indignation with Patricia melted away. He even found it in his heart to pity the poor little Patricia for not knowing

a good thing when it was offered her! He began to smile at the absurdity of the situation. The first time he had ever asked a woman to marry him, in all his life, he was scornfully refused! *Refused* by the penniless daughter of a country clergyman who had more beauty than brains—or virtue! Now what under the canopy had he been so murdering mad about! *Au contraire*, he should be mighty well pleased. It let him out very neatly. He had offered the *amende honorable*, and his offer was spurned. He had done all that a gentleman could do. His conscience was now as clear as crystal—and he *hadn't* got the girl! Still, that tone of hers would rankle in his memory. Why the deuce should she hate him so! It wasn't fair!—By Jove! he admired her spirit, though; and he never knew how very pretty she was till she stood there in her blazing anger delivering such a tirade. She had always been such a quiet little puss, gentle to a degree. He did not dream she was capable of getting in such a tempest.

Well, he was certainly very lucky to escape so smoothly. A wife with such a temper would be a perfect shrew! In a wife one wanted docility, dignity and repose.

“So we are off, at last,” sighed Honora, with content, as the *Limited* steamed out of the station, “and I don't

believe we've left a single thing behind. Why! what work it is to get all one's possessions together, and how little things do accumulate! I thought I could get ready in an hour, and it certainly took ten! Nothing ever *was* so beautiful as that Fair—nor so dingy as the city of Chicago! Is there any smut on my nose?"

"You surely don't mean to lay the soot from the engine to the Chicago chimneys, do you?" laughed Patricia.

"Why not?" demanded Honora. "They loaded up the engine in Chicago with their horrid, old soft coal, didn't they? If I'm all smut, it isn't the engine's fault, it's Chicago's."

"Well, so far you're looking quite like a white lady," smiled Patsy. "Did you bring along some of that water with the dreadful Indian name that you are forever washing your face with?"

"*Apohaqui*? Yes, my dear, I've a flask of it in my bag. It penetrates the pores and washes out the soot as nothing else will."

"Have you a flask of anything else?" asked Patricia, demurely.

"Well—a *few*," admitted Miss Herrick. "Will you have one of my divine cocktails, a *Herrick Manhattan*, or a sip of port?"

"You recommend the cocktails so highly—I feel it

would be very slighting for me to pass them by!" said Patricia.

"Pray don't drink up my cocktails if you prefer port," demurred Honora, getting the flasks from her bag. "I feel fully able to—for the love of Heaven! there's Tommy Pell!"

Mr. Pell emerged from his stateroom to make a tour of the train just as Honora raised the flask to pour a cocktail into the cup. Both flask and cup came near having a fall, had Patricia not hastily seized them and occupied herself with the task of filling the cup to the brim; whereupon, without waiting for ceremony, she drained the vessel dry.

"Aw—how' d'ye do?" drawled Mr. Pell, nonchalantly, as he approached them. "Just looking about to see if I knew any fellows aboard." He shook hands with Honora and glanced at Patricia, but her face was buried in the silver cup.

"Won't you sit down?" asked Honora, nervously.

"No-o; no, thanks, going to take a look in the smoker and get something to read. Can I be of any service to you?" with frigid formality.

"No, I think not—not now. Would you like a book from the library, Patsy?"

"Oh, no; no, I thank you," gasped Patricia, taking a terrific gulp of cocktail, immediately upon the last word.

"I didn't know you were taking this train," said Honora.

"I tried to get off yesterday, missed the train and here I am. Supposed *you* were still in Chicago."

"I fancy we were as anxious to get away as you," she answered, with regained composure, "and having finished our packing, took the first fast train."

Mr. Pell raised his travelling cap. "Pray command me, if I can serve you in any way," he said, and passed on.

Honora and Patricia looked at one another without speaking. Then Patricia refilled the drinking cup with a third generous portion of cocktail, which she quaffed with very evident relish.

"*My dear !*" remonstrated Honora. "Look at that bottle! How many drinks, for Heaven's sake, have you had?"

"*Donno*," said Patsy. "Had to have 'em! Should certainly have fallen on the floor if I hadn't! Did you ever know such dreadful luck?"

"Oh, I don't know. We should have run across him in New York, undoubtedly; in fact, I think he would have called. He's on his precious dignity, just now, but he'll thaw before we get to the journey's end. Patsy, you shall *not* have another! Give me that flask and cup."

"Oh-just-one-more-oh-please," begged Patricia, running her words all into one.

"Not another drop," said Honora sternly. "Next thing I know they'll be putting us off the train."

"Oh, I wish they would!" said Patricia fervently. "I don't like this train. Let's get off some place and stay all night. It's an awfully long journey, all at once!"

"Now don't be a little goose," said Honora. "I'll get you a pillow and you had better take a nap. Try to sleep off that jag that's coming over you."

"No! Don't want to sleep. Want a jag. Gimme some more. I'm going to act like the devil and get put off the train!"

Honora sat back in despair. When Patricia got into that wild state, there was no knowing what she wouldn't do! She wished she had kept her eye on that cocktail flask, instead of on Tommy Pell! Now it would simply ruin everything if Patricia should get "loaded" in the train! All ideas of persuading Tom to marry her might as well be banished henceforth.

When they were all on a lark, or in her own home, a woman's over-indulgence in stimulating liquids might possibly be overlooked; but the future Mrs. Pell intoxicated on a railroad train was a freak Tom would never condone. Honora realized that Patsy must be handled very craftily, or she could have no influence over her whatever, for the girl had swallowed just

enough of the insidious mixture to be extremely independent and contrary.

Perhaps a bit of *bouillon* would be of benefit. She would try to get her to lunch.

"Are you hungry?" she asked.

"*Nop*," said Patricia.

"Well, I am. Suppose we find the dining-car."

"What I have to drink with lunch?"

"Ginger ale!" laughed Honora.

Patricia made a wry face. "Mis'ble stuff! Not bad, with brandy or whisky, though!"

"I think we'll have it plain to-day," said Miss Her-rick. "Come."

"One more cocktail!" said Patsy, hanging back.

"No, you pig, I want all the rest myself. You've had your share!"

But in the dining-car Patsy grew sulky, and was plainly feeling more and more the effects of the cocktails. She pushed everything away as soon as tasted.

"Water horrid warm!" she complained. "Waiter, gimme lil' chump ice."

"No taste t' meat," a moment later. "Waiter, lil' Wors'-street hoss, please."

"The Worcestershire sauce, waiter," interpreted Honora calmly.

"Tish-tish 'n' tush-tush," expostulated Patricia. "Don' do m' talk f' me. I tol' man all ri'."

"You are *drunk* ;" said Honora, witheringly, annoyed in the extreme, and fearing every moment that Tom would walk into the car and discover Patsy's predicament.

"Wh'z th' diff'runce 'tween me 'n' a drunk'd?" asked Patsy, good-humoredly.

"The same difference there is between an idiot and an imbecile," replied Honora, impatiently.

Patsy scowled.

"You're a—a *lan-gue-ge-ri-an*," she remarked, with a great effort to speak intelligibly.

Honora laughed in spite of herself.

"Come, dear, take your coffee, and we'll go into the other car. Don't talk any more."

Patsy glared at her. "I d'n wan' hear *you* talk! Please talk Zherm'n. I donno Zherm'n."

"I'm afraid I can't accommodate you. My knowledge of the German language is very slight."

"Go l'n Zherm'n, then talk Zherm'n. Don' wan' hear *word* y' say."

Drink your coffee," said Honora, patiently.

"*Nop.*"

Then, come. We will go back to our car."

"*Nop.*"

"You can't stay here all the afternoon, dear ; besides they will leave this car off by and by."

"All ri'," contentedly.

"Then what would you do? You haven't any tickets or money!"

"All ri'," indifferently.

"Please come, dear."

"*Nop.* Go'n' stay here see Tom."

And, to Honora's despair, she looked up to see Tom entering the car, with his eyes intent upon Patsy.

Well, there was nothing to do but face the situation as calmly as she could. How she wished she had Patsy in a ten-acre lot; she would shake her into enough pieces to cover the whole patch!

Tom came up to them. Something in Patricia's glance had attracted his attention.

"How is the lunch?" he asked carelessly, of Honora.

"*Tommo*," piped up Patricia, in the sweetest little tone you ever heard, "*I love you.*"

Neither Tom's stare of surprise, nor Honora's gasp of dismay appeared to disturb her. With her head funnily cocked on one side, her big blue eyes fastened appealingly on Tom, she sweetly smiled up into his perturbed countenance.

Then she rose, swaying a bit, as she stood. "Please, take m''way," she said with gentle dignity. "Take me 'way f'm 'Nora! Sh' says 'm 'n idyut!"

Honora flushed. Tom elevated his eyebrows slightly, then took Patricia's hand and led her from the car, Honora following. The passengers near were looking

on with interest, some much entertained and others frowning; but Mr. Pell noticed no one, as he steadied Patsy in her eccentric perambulation down the aisle.

"It's very hard to get about decently with the train swaying about in this manner," he remarked loftily to Honora, as they passed from car to car.

Honora looked searchingly into his face, but there was no smile visible.

"Oho!" she said to herself, "Mr. Pell defies me to insinuate that there is anything in the least peculiar in Miss Patsy's condition. Mr. Pell would resent the accusation! Well, I'm blessed if this isn't the funniest thing out!"

Mr. Pell escorted them to their places, arranged pillows for Patsy's head, and several satchels atop of one another, for the comfort of her feet.

"Now you must take a little nap," he said paternally.

"Gessnot," said Patsy.

"If you please," he persisted.

"Gimme cocktail 'n' will," she promised, drowsily.

Honora handed him the flask in silence.

"I really think she will sleep better for it," he apologized.

Honora turned to the window, without deigning to reply.

Now, *Tommo*, lis'n;" said Patsy, "tell you lil' toas':—

“Here’s t’ one
’N only one,
’N may th’t one b’ he,
Who luffs b’t one,
’N only one,
’N may th’t one b’ me.”

She sipped contentedly the wee cocktail Tom gave her, nestled down among the pillows, and reached her hand confidingly for his.

Very soon she slept. Honora still watched the passing meadows. Mr. Pell gently laid the hand he held beside its companion, and returned to the perusal of “Philip and His Wife.”

CHAPTER IX.

“The use of language is to conceal our thoughts.”—TALLEYRAND.

AND so it all came about that they were friends again, in the easiest and most natural way.

Little Patsy's lamentable *jags* seemed destined to be mile-marks in her short, eventful career.

Now that Honora frowned upon her, Tom constituted himself her champion—which was a great source of amusement to the lady snubbed. Plot and plan as she would, to gain Tom's protection for Patricia, failure seemed forever in store for her, till, by the mere accident of her disapproval, Patsy had him prostrate at her feet! There he sat, pretending to read a book, but in reality keeping a strict lookout that no flies alighted on Patricia's nose; fanning her at intervals, keeping the shade drawn just right, and a sharp lookout for draughts. It was all Honora could do to keep a straight countenance; but she resolutely meditated upon matters prosaic—upon the geological formation of the rocks they passed, upon the botanical beauties of the foliage, until finally she grew sleepy,

herself, and calling for a pillow, joined Patsy in the Land of Nod.

When Patsy awoke, the lamps were being lighted. Opposite her sat Tom, apparently absorbed in his book. Across the aisle, Honora still slumbered.

Tom looked up as she stirred.

"Did you have a nice nap?" he inquired cheerily.

"Have I been asleep?" asked Patsy, yet in a bit of a daze.

"I thought so," smiled Tom.

Patsy sat up and looked about her.

"We went to lunch," she said meditatively, with returning memory, "but I can't seem to remember coming back."

"The less one remembers in this world, the better, usually," was Tom's unfortunate comment, whereupon Patricia remembered a great deal. Her face became vividly crimson, then quickly pale again. She looked around for Honora.

"Don't wake her," said Tom, cursing himself for an ass; and, hunting about for a change of subject, hastily proposed a game of bezique.

But Patsy had withdrawn into her shell. Why had he reminded her of everything just when she had forgotten, for a moment or two! She declined the game of cards, and paid little attention to his attempts at conversation. She answered civilly, yes, or no, when

a question required reply, but, otherwise, was provokingly mute.

"I think I will wake Honora," she finally vouchsafed.

"Why?" asked Tom.

"I am hungry."

"Wouldn't it be easier to eat her asleep? With all her muscles relaxed she'd be tenderer."

Patricia regarded him witheringly.

"I want some dinner," she said, with comical hauteur.

"Well, if you will spare Honora, I will be happy to see what they can do for you in the dining-car."

"I'll not go to dinner and leave Honora here all alone," she said, indignantly.

"For fear some one else will eat her?" he earnestly inquired.

"Oh, how very silly you are!" she exclaimed, irritably.

"Well, we don't want too many brains in the family," he meekly responded.

"What family?"

"Ours. You have enough intelligence for us both, I'm sure."

"I don't belong to your family and you are very, *very* rude to me."

"To be sure you are not a member of my family

yet, but you will be soon, won't you?" he remarked, with calm effrontery.

"I shall wake Honora!"

"So you have been telling me, for ever so long."

Patsy rushed across the aisle, and gave Honora a sharp little shake. Honora blinked, yawned and looked drowsily up into the scowling little face above her.

"I'm hungry," complained Patsy.

"Ring the bell; get something to eat," said Honora, sleepily, calmly closing her eyes again.

"Honora dear! It is dinner time!"

"Oh! Get Tom to take you in. Is he here?"

"No," said Patricia.

"Where is he?"

"I don't know," said Patsy loftily, looking out of the window.

Honora managed to open her eyes wide enough to glance across the aisle, and a broad smile illumined her countenance as she did so.

Tom came over to her. "I will go in and order dinner for you, if you like," he suggested.

"While we smooth our frowsy tresses, and bathe our cindered skins? Thank you. I believe Patsy is very hungry, and there is no time to be lost."

"There is no need to bother Mr. Pell," demurred Patsy.

"I really don't know what I've done," said Tom, deprecatingly,—“but I'm in awful disgrace—even *my* rhinoceros epidermis feels the sting of her scathing scorn.”

“Patsy,” said Honora severely, as Tom departed, “if you only could stop thinking of yourself for about ten minutes, we might have a very nice time! I really can't see the use of your being a perpetual wet blanket. We are all on this train, with the evening and the morning before us, whether we like it or not; and it seems to me it would be much more sensible to be as affable as we can to each other, instead of being as intensely disagreeable as we know how. It is all very well to harbor our individual grievances when we can command a whole dormitory to grieve in, but a railroad car is rather too small a space to vent ill-humor. I have no doubt Tom would very much have preferred some other train than this, had he known we were aboard of it, but knowing nothing of the sort, and being ignorant, ourselves, of *his* intentions, here we all are. Tom is doing his best to be courteous to us. You are doing your best to exhibit how very *gauche* you can be. If you can take life less seriously at dinner, and think a little of some one besides yourself, I am sure it will help my appetite wonderfully.”

“Oh, Honora! How can you speak so unkindly to me!” moaned Patsy tearfully.

"You want to cut your own switches, I presume," laughed Honora. "We had a little darky boy at home that my father used to thrash when he misbehaved. He would send him out to cut the switches to be whipped with; and that precocious black child used to take precious good care to cut mighty rotten rods. You resent being punished with switches that hurt. I suppose you would prefer to have me say, 'Patsy, love, let us sit down with a nice, fat bottle of *Ruinart* between us, while I gently chide thee!'"

Patsy giggled, in spite of herself.

"But I'm bound to wake you up," resumed Honora. "This morbid, irritable state is neither good for yourself, nor agreeable for those about you. Just kindly think how wearing it is upon me! Smile upon me, now and then, if only out of sheer charity!"

"Oh, I'm very sorry!" exclaimed Patricia, penitently. "I never meant to be so unpleasant."

"It is not what we mean to do, that counts, dear; it is what we *do*. If you accidentally put a man's eye out, it will not count very much with him, that you did not *mean* to do it! Here, dear, bathe your face in this violet water, and we'll go and see how Tom is getting on."

Patsy was very brilliant that evening. She conversed with composure, related several amusing anec-

dotes, and was so much like her old self that only Honora knew what an effort she was making. Tom was simply dumb at first, when she sailed up to the table, geyed him on his choice of viands, and declared he had devoted himself to looking up those edibles she most disliked! She refused wine.

"Wine makes me cross," she explained. "I'm never going to drink any more all my life!"

"We must make you out a pledge," said Honora.

"I don't think *good* wines ever hurt any one," argued Tom. "It is the inferior stuff that makes one ill and disgruntled with the world. Take the poor man who gets crazy on bad whisky;—it is horrible, fiery stuff, that eats the lining off his stomach and fills him with evil passions. Now a good wine, or liquor, puts one at peace with the world, soothes and comforts a man."

"You ought to know," put in Honora.

"If I ever get rich—as rich as Rockefeller for instance——"

"Or Hetty Green," interpolated Patsy.

"I am going to establish saloons for the poor man. Only the best whisky will be sold there, at the *price* of cheap whisky. Then a poor, tired wretch will be able to get a good drink, for a nickel or a dime, that won't put the devil into him. He won't go home and beat his wife on the sort of whisky *I* shall sell. It will

have an elevating influence upon him. He will feel on a level with his fellow-man, and more kindly disposed toward all humanity."

"Would there be a family entrance?" demurely asked Patsy.

"Have you ever tried running for Congress?" chaffed Honora.

"It would do away with anarchy——"

"Your running for Congress?" said Patsy.

"I suppose as long as there is not the slightest prospect of your ever being a millionaire," said Honora, "that it is a waste of time for me to point out to you the flaws in your sweet scheme; but I would like to mention to you one serious drawback—your poor man wouldn't like your good whisky—wouldn't have it at any price!"

"Wouldn't *like* it!" exclaimed Tom indignantly. "Do you think because a man is poor he had rather have oleomargarine than fresh, sweet butter, if they were both to be had at the same price?"

"I think a man who is accustomed to drinking poor liquors can't appreciate good ones."

"Oh, I grant you that; he may not appreciate them at first; he must be educated to that; but he will *like* them."

"Nor like them," persisted Honora. "I remember when my father and I were stopping at a little inn up

in the Berkshire Hills, one time, he took quite a fancy to a laborer on the farm there. He was a quaint old fellow—Peter Sparks—I always remembered his name. Papa asked him in one day for a drink, and I suppose he had some such idea as you have about giving the poor man ‘good stuff,’ for when Peter said he would have brandy, papa ordered the best cognac they had. I was sitting in the window, at the time, and I remember papa filled his own glass up with soda, while old Peter dashed his down clear. Papa noticed he looked rather disappointed as he put down his glass. ‘How do you like that, Peter?’ he asked. ‘Wal,’ said Peter, ‘these air new hotels don’t have th’ same likker they has over to th’ old place.’—‘Do you know what you’ve been drinking?’ asked papa.—‘Wal, no, I don’t,’ said Peter; ‘I should skercely call ’t brandy.’—‘Why, you old gump,’ said my father, ‘that’s the best brandy in the house—forty cents a drink,’ ‘*Eh?*’ says Peter, ‘wal, you be a sucker, ’n’ no mistake. Why, over t’ th’ ol’ tav’n you kin get a drink o’ brandy fer *five* cents that ’ll bu’n yer th’ hull way down inside.’ ”

“I think you’d make a good stump-speaker, Honora,” retaliated Tom. “That is your *forte* when the New Woman steers the ship. Now, you could give that tale quite a political twist.”

“It is not a very *elegant* anecdote,” said Patricia, with assumed austerity.

"It knocks Tom's philanthropic saloon-scheme into a cocked hat, though!" mocked Honora.

"By which I am to infer that you do not believe in philanthropy?" questioned Tom.

"Not in sentimental philanthropy!" said Honora severely.

"Well, now, a few days ago we had a little conversation that convinced me that was the one thing you did believe in!"

Honora looked at him warningly.

"Speaking of *cognac*," said Patricia, innocently, "reminds me that I would like a bit of burned brandy for my coffee!"

"Otherwise you would never have thought of it!" commented Honora.

"And since you mention the subject," said Tom, as he ordered the brandy brought, "I want to observe to Miss Herrick that her old man of the mountains hasn't changed my philanthropical plans one whit. The poor man is just as near his good dram of whisky for a dime as before she tried to ruin my philanthropical purposes!"

"Just as near, I've no doubt," laughed Honora.

"And will you tend bar yourself in a white linen coat and a long apron?" asked Patsy. "I suppose they will call you Gentleman Tom!"

"Your knowledge of a bar-tender's attire shocks me!" exclaimed Tom.

"She must have been patronizing the family entrance," said Honora.

Patsy disdained to notice these remarks.

"When *I* make a world," she said meditatively, "I shall have all the liquor saloons belong to the Government——"

"Instead of to the police," commented Tom.

"The Government will be responsible for the quality of liquor sold—and also the quantity. The people will be portioned off into districts, and each registered just as they are for voting, and a man can only buy his liquor at the saloon in his district—just as he can only vote at one polling-booth. There will be tickets sold which will be just as good a guarantee for the quality of the article as a postage-stamp is to carry your letter to the place addressed. The tickets will be numbered, and a man will only be permitted to use so many a day."

"We'll have to get an ambulance to take Patsy's head into the sleeper," groaned Honora.

So a pleasant evening passed. All personal topics were avoided. They played a few games of bezique and chaffed one another good-naturedly.

It had all come about that they were friends again, in the easiest and most natural way.

CHAPTER X.

“Virtue is more ancient than nobility,” says the Spaniard.

THE weird music of the *Danse du Ventre* floated through the Waldorf corridors. Men and women, in smart attire, wended their way to the long dining-room, where the soft glow from myriad candles, gayly petticoated in red or yellow, shed a becoming light upon the rich costumes of the women, and softened lines of care.

Others sauntered in the opposite direction, to the smaller restaurant, where more gayety prevailed, where the lights were less subdued and blue smoke curled upward into the huge dome above from the cigarettes and cigars of the men;—the *Midway Plaisance* some one has christened it—(whether the Major, or Cholly Knickerbocker, I could not certainly say). A younger element was here assembled, and there was less dignity among the diners.

Two women stepped from the elevator into the wide corridor, with its comfortable lounging-chairs and short settles, and looked about them with evident interest.

One was tall and would be called beautiful; the other, pretty and *petite*. The taller of the two was the elder, and much the more reserved. She smiled indulgently, at the enthusiastic delight of her youthful companion over the scene about them.

"Paris cannot be a bit nicer than this!" the young girl exclaimed. "It is so bright and gay here—and what *fascinating* furniture," as they entered the Egyptian room. "See those quaint little inlaid desks and the tall ottomans. Oh, how I *do* like it!"

The other smiled. "Not *all* of Paris is so nice as this, by any means. I am glad you like it. I wish now I had stopped here going out,—but it was just opened then, and I have a horror of new hotels."

A fat Turk, in gorgeous native costume, waddled pompously about, preparing coffee in a richly lacquered urn. Men and women, in little groups, discussed the day's events, or planned the programme for the evening. Here and there a lonely one scanned the doorway eagerly, watching for some one's promised coming.

The two strangers crossed the room, and selected a cozy window-seat from which to view the scene.

The taller was wonderfully blonde, and her toilet, of black *crêpe de chine*, set out her rare tints to artistic advantage. A rope of silver, the wide buckles thickly studded with turquoises, girdled the frock, and was the only ornament she wore save an antique turquoise pin

at the throat. The younger woman was youthfully dressed in white organdie, very simply made, over a green slip, with sash of green, edged with butter-colored lace, and tiny fans of green falling down over the sleeve puffs. She was blonde in a different way from her companion, having hair of ruddy gold, with copper tints gleaming through it, and on the bridge of her nose a nest of infinitely tiny freckles would have matched the tint of her hair had they been a bit more pronounced.

A gentleman, tall, dark, and cursed with a most blasé air approached them.

"Are you ready to dine?" he inquired, after greeting them. "I thought you would prefer the palm-room, Honora, so I have had a table reserved there. Patsy will like it best—I think."

"It looks very jolly," said Patsy; "only I shall be wanting to smoke cigarettes with the little dudes!"

"Have you any cigarettes about you?" asked Tom, in assumed alarm.

"Not one," sighed Patsy.

"Then I suppose we can risk her behaving properly," said Tom to Honora, with apparent relief.

"You know quite well," pouted Patsy, "that my behavior is very nice now! Honora threatened to give me to an orphan's home if I didn't be a lovely cherub, and she said I wouldn't get any chicken after-the-

manner-of-the-devil there, and would *soon* be sorry I hadn't put my Sunday manners on when told! I wonder, though, why they say *à la diable*—and the French a chivalrous people! To insinuate that the devil is a woman is very rude, I say."

Honora looked at her meditatively. Ever since she had lectured her so sharply in the train, Patricia's flow of animal spirits seemed ever on the gain. She talked incessantly, in a chattering way, laughed a little too loudly, and never for a moment seemed downcast. Honora's heart ached for her. She knew how doubly sad, beneath it all, the little woman was, "And, yet," she argued, "it is far, far better that she should assume a gayety, for appearances' sake, than go about with so mournful a countenance that every one will comment and question."

"I have heard," Tom was saying, "that the only thing one could give the devil credit for was that he never laid the blame of his eccentricities upon his wife."

"I have heard him given the credit for very many more things than that!" said Patsy.

"Let us discuss our dinner instead of the devil," remarked Honora, "or some one else will be stealing our table."

They had Turkish coffee in the Eastern *salon*, later, and then Patricia asked to be excused.

"It is all so exciting," she apologized, "it makes me

rather tired. I am so unaccustomed to going about much. I would like to retire, if you do not mind."

"I suppose this is your good behavior," said Tom;—"the early to bed and early to rise slice of it."

"I am sorry you are so tired, dear," said Honora; "but do go up, if you wish. I will follow you before very long. How long are you staying in New York, Tommo?" turning to him with Patsy's departure.

"I am going to Paris with you."

"I think not!—I don't want you."

"Then I will go to Paris alone—on the same steamer."

"I thought you came over here to learn something of the American continent. Do you consider Chicago the beginning and end of America?" sternly.

"Why ignore New York. I have an impression that I landed here, at least."

"Oh, simply landing doesn't count! And a few days cooped up in this club and that cannot instruct you much about the country."

"I have learned a great deal about New York, though," he insisted. "For instance the price of the Hotel Martin *table d'hôte* is raised to a dollar and a quarter—and you must pay a dollar and a half if you don't buy wine—intemperance is simply thrust upon you! Koster and Bial have moved their concert hall up town which is now nightly patronized by reputable

citizens. John Drew has become a star; and Town Topics, since a change in the editorship, is read in respectable families."

"I maligned you, my friend—I take it all back—you are splendidly informed. But *really*, Tom, now you are here, I should think you would enjoy a little tour in your own country."

"And is not the European continent wide enough for thee and me at one and the same time, Honora?"

"It is hardly wide enough for you and Patsy—just now. I want her to forget you. It would be easier if you were far away."

"If I am at one end of Paris and she at the other, there is an immense distance between us."

"And some night she would be at the theatre, it is possible, and you in the next box."

"Well, I would not make love to her, even that near, if it would distress you."

"I wish you would talk sensibly, Tom. You do not care in the least what distresses me or any one else—as you very well know. I am interested in Patricia's welfare. She is too sweet a girl to go to the dogs, and I intend to do my utmost to make her life worth living!"

"And her life *won't* be worth living if I am in Paris?"

"There is just one of two things you can do, Tom,

dear;—either stay quite away for a year, while I do all I can to uproot her unfortunate love for you—or—ask her, again, to marry you.”

“Have you a preference?” he queried, very meekly.

“I prefer the latter,” she replied, concisely. “I think you would have better luck another time.”

“I am afraid so,” dubiously.

“Very well,” said Honora, lightly, “we will not discuss it, if you feel in that way. I do not want Patricia to live with you. You would not make her happy. I would want her to leave you immediately after the ceremony and come with me.”

“Will you kindly explain to me where I would come in?”

“You would be free and foot-loose, to go wherever you would, with whomever you would.”

“And what benefit would Patricia derive from this mere ceremony?”

“The station of an honest woman—that is all! Simply, she could hold up her head in the world, and say, if the worst happened, ‘*I am a wife!*’”

“What! You don’t mean——”

“I mean nothing. Simply, how can we foresee what may occur? The *possible* occasionally presents itself!”

“If I thought *that*——”

“I do not wish you to be influenced by that

thought! The question is, merely, do you, or do you not, owe Patricia the duty of placing her as well in the world as you found her."

"Had she a very exalted station?"

"She had what was 'beyond price—and more precious than rubies;'—something you are powerless to return to her,—*purity!*"

Tom was silent for several moments.

"Marriage is a very serious thing," he remarked—not very originally—at last.

"A woman's honor is of some little moment."

"You see," Tom continued, "if I merely married her, and then we separated, who knows what might follow! What serious scandal might occur! A deserted wife can hardly be expected to hold her husband's name in great esteem!"

"I hope you would not always be separated—that she would not consider herself deserted—that the day would come when you would send for her to come to you;—that, meanwhile, she would accept our explanation that she needed a broader education before she was fitted to take her place by your side."

"There has never been a scandal in our family," he said, musingly, "not where a Pell woman was concerned. The men were a bad enough lot, I believe, but they took precious good care to select virtuous wives. I would not like to be the first to tarnish the name."

“And have you always done such credit to the name of Pell?”

“Whatever I might do—so long as I did not commit a crime—the world would wink at. I may not murder, steal, nor beg; but a *liaison* with a woman is an *escapade*—a *peccadillo*—it is only noticed with a smile. With a woman it is very different. She has it in her power to insult and humiliate her husband as he never could her. A stain on a woman’s name corrodes and rusts for all time.”

“That is what I am trying to impress upon you,” said Honora earnestly.

Tom looked up with a start.

“Honora, you cause me to feel very contemptible! I will marry Patricia—if she will have me;—but under certain temporary conditions.” He was silent a few moments, then continued, meditatively. “Since it would be best that the marriage take place as soon as possible, I would suggest that to-morrow be the wedding-day; but as it is altogether contrary to my temperament to so suddenly leap into a bargain so serious, I should prefer it to be just as little of a marriage as possible; then, should either of us wish to escape from the bonds, there need not be a devil of a lot of publicity. If Patsy is willing to marry me quite privately—the ceremony performed by a magistrate, you the sole witness, and the whole affair kept secret among us

four—I am ready to take the bridegroom part at any hour the lady will name.”

“And, then, in a few years, you will take her home, Tom?” said Honora, wistfully.

“I shall not let her go away,” he replied thoughtfully. “I think I will make the American tour you suggest and take, Patsy with me. I prefer to put it to the test at once whether we can live together happily, or not. I don’t want a wife hanging over my head like Damocles’ sword—knowing that some day I must accept or reject her. No, we will work the experiment out, right now. A constant companionship will teach us in a very few months how we shall get on, and if we do not hit it off, I shall suggest a short sojourn in Dakota to Patsy, for the benefit of her health, while I play a little engagement as *deserter*! I marry her because you have convinced me that I owe it to her; but if she is lovable and true I shall undoubtedly grow very fond of her, and we’ll be a model couple to the end of the tale.”

“Oh, Tom!” exclaimed Honora with emotion, “I knew I could believe in you!”

Tom rose.

“If you would speak to Patsy,” he said, hesitatingly.

“Do you wish me to propose for you?” smiled Honora.

“I think you would accomplish it better than I ;” he said modestly. “The ceremony is all very simple, but I don’t know whether it would be so simple to explain to Patricia! I might begin wrong end to, and land nowhere! After having expended so much of my valuable time and thought in working out this problem, I don’t want my work queered by a mistake in the final figuring.”

“You wish me to talk it all over with her, and then come and assure you in advance that you will be accepted.”

“Precisely.”

“I will meet you here to-morrow at twelve.”

CHAPTER XI.

"Personally, I have a theory that a secret is safe, only when known to three persons, two of whom are dead."—BALCH.

THE words had been said. Thère could be no recall. "For better, for worse . . . to love and to cherish until death us do part . . . and thereto I plight thee my troth."

The sweet, solemn sentences rang in Patsy's ear as she raised her pale face for the bridegroom's caress.

It had been as quiet a wedding as Tom could desire. A single vase of bride-roses on the centre-table of Honora's small parlor was the only attempt at decoration. There were no floral arches or bells; no bridesmaids, pages, or groomsmen; no surpliced choir: no wedding march had been played.

The bride wore a simple toilet of Dresden silk, quaintly beflowered—the only bridal bit about it a girdle and collarette of white moiré.

She was given away by Honora who was as unostentatiously arrayed. A sprig of orange blossoms ornamented the lapel of the groom's frock-coat, and Patricia

carried a single spray of the flower in her prayer-book. But one other person was present—an old college-chum and club-friend of Tom's—a young lawyer—who had the distinction of stamping legal documents with a large ornamental seal, in which the words *Justice of the Peace* were prominent. He had assented to Tom's request to perform the ceremony, and cheerfully agreed to keep the affair a profound secret.

He looked curiously now at the two women. Honora had taken Patricia in her arms, in loving congratulation, and tears glistened on her eyelashes; but Patsy remained remarkably unperturbed.

"I should think the older one would have been Tom's choice," was Mr. Thorn's thought. "The little one can't have finished eating bread and butter! Miss Herrick is stunningly put up, and of a sweet nature, I should say; she appears quite affected to part from her young friend. The bride seems indifferent to the whole affair—a tedious little clam I should judge. I never cared for a baby to rear myself!" Then he stepped forward and wished the bride happiness, gravely kissing her cheek.

Patricia blushed and instinctively drew back.

"The minister's privilege," laughed Mr. Thorn.

"Has every one kissed the bride?" said Tom, looking about into the recesses of the apartment. "And has every lady a box of cake?"

"Oh, the cake!" said Patricia, with sudden agitation. "Really, Honora, we *might* have had cake!"

"Indeed we might, dear," said Honora, with contrition. "I don't know how I came to forget!"

"We will have some later," said Tom soothingly.

"It has to be ordered beforehand!" lamented Patsy.

"Oh, I think we can get some—we will try the woman's exchange—I will go myself, as soon as luncheon."

"Oh, never mind," said Patricia hopelessly, "I don't care for it after all! Only a wedding without any cake seemed queer!—and there won't be anybody to throw shoes and rice at us!" turning piteously to Tom.

"Upon my oath! that's something terrible!" he exclaimed, kissing her quivering little lips. "Probably the only opportunity in my life when I stood some sort of a show of getting hit in the head with an old shoe, no one will shy one at me!"

"Of course, I'm very silly," said Patricia, who did not quite like being laughed at before a stranger, "but, you know, at weddings——"

"No, I don't know a thing about weddings," interrupted Tom. "I am glad we have escaped one and had a civilized ceremony. I'm sure we shouldn't feel comfortable, dearie, with a quart of rice chucked inside of our shirts; if we must have rice showered into us,

I'd rather have it thrust down my throat. Won't you be consoled with a dish of it boiled?"

Patricia swallowed a big lump in her throat. "Somehow, I wish you *wouldn't* make fun of me—*to-day*," she said, in a low tone.

"Shall we all descend to the bridal banquet?" spoke up Honora, cheerily. "We are just having a little lunch served in the main dining-room," she explained to Mr. Thorn. "We thought if we took a private room, or made any sort of a function of it, it might be discovered that we were celebrating a very special event, so we will just lunch in the regular way."

"Yes," sighed Patricia, "it would never do to be suspected of such an eccentricity as marriage!"

Mr. Thorn looked up as she spoke, marvelling at the bitterness in her tone. "There is more to her than I thought," he told himself, "and more in this secrecy than I imagined. The bride is not content."

He finished filling in the certificate, crossed the room, and handed it to her.

"I think you'd best lock that up in your trunk," said Honora.

"Put it in yours," said Patricia, extending the paper to her. "Keep it for us."

"Is that agreed upon?" hesitated Honora, looking at Tom.

"As Mrs. Pell wishes," said Tom courteously.

Patsy's face brightened as she heard her new name uttered in Tom's soft, languid tones.

"Please keep it for us, dear Honora. I'd be sure to leave it lying about or lose it," she urged.

"Very well, it shall be put in a long envelope, sealed and addressed to you, ready stamped for mailing to the United States, so that it would reach you safely again, in case of any accident to me."

"And you sail to-morrow, Miss Herrick?" inquired Mr. Thorn, as they sat down at luncheon.

"Yes, I am almost sorry to say, for New York is a very charming city; but yet, I long a little for *home*—for my beautiful Paris and my own little snugery on the Faubourg St. Germain!"

"Ah, you cling to the old *quartier*."

"Yes, the more wide-awake people are moving away to the newer and healthier portions of Paris; but I am fond of the locality; I have such a very comfortable apartment in a big, wide house, with a large garden at the back. I will hope to show you some hospitality, when you visit Paris again; you must dine with me at least."

"Are we going away to-day?" Patricia was asking Tom.

"No, dear, not to-day. I thought you would like to be with Honora till she sailed, and I have a few matters of business to attend to,"

“Business!” ejaculated Honora, overhearing.
“Whatever can *you* be doing with business?”

“I suppose,” said Tom, drawing himself up with a great air of dignity, “that when a man has taken unto himself a wife he may be permitted to make his will, get his life insured, and perform a few such grave duties, without being sneered at!”

“Goodness gracious! If you have all that to do,” said Honora, “you’ll not get away for a week.”

“Possibly not,” drawled Tom, “but there are worse places than New York to be detained in!”

“I suppose you are going to Niagara, Pell,” said Mr. Thorn teasingly.

“Well, I think not!” Mr. Pell responded. “However, we have not yet made any plans.”

“Lenox and Newport are still in swing,” Mr. Thorn further suggested.

“Where would you like best to go, Patsy?” asked Tom.

“Well,” hesitatingly, “will it matter if it is a very long journey?”

“Not a bit. We have years before us, I trust. We will go to any place you like.”

“I have been thinking of Quebec; that is where Basil and Isabel March went, you know.”

“Basil and Isabel March!” exclaimed Tom, mystified.

"Oh, she means the hero and heroine of *Their Wedding Journey*," interposed Honora. "Howell's story, don't you know!"

"No! Don't know," said Tom; "but if they went there it must be all right. Were they decorous people?"

"Oh, very!" said Patricia, "they came from Boston," as though that fact established everything in their favor.

"Do you come from the East, Mrs. Pell?" inquired Thorn.

"Yes," she answered in a subdued tone.

"Boston is a very diverting little town," he continued.

"Yet the wise men come away from there," remarked Tom. "You always hear how the wise men come from the East. If it is such a great place, why don't they stop there?"

"I presume they are called *wise* for getting out," said Honora.

"Isabel and Basil March," broke in Patricia, "stopped at a number of little places on the way to Montreal, but I don't think we'll care for that. I don't believe we will want to stop at Buffalo and Rochester, and all that; do you? I had rather go right through to Montreal, then down the St. Lawrence to Quebec, and afterwards up the Saguenay, stopping at those queer

little French villages it tells about in *A Chance Acquaintance*."

"Is this more Howells?" queried Tom.

A small boy in livery went in and out among the tables—"306, 306," he called; "note for 306."

Honora signalled him. "Oh, this is nice," she said, taking up the tiny envelope, "a note from Annette."

"Is she in town?" asked Patsy, eagerly.

"It would seem so—the note has come by a messenger; yes, has just returned and got my letter—will wish me *bon voyage* at the pier, as she has an 'assignment' for the afternoon and evening. 'Where is Mr. Pell?' she asks, 'and how is Patsy? I am suffering to see you all—and for your own self, I've a hug as big as my heart! Yours—till some one else asks me—Annette.'"

"She is very original," said Mr. Thorn.

"She earns her bread and butter—and occasionally, jam—by being original," replied Honora. "She is a journalist—a very lovely girl; a good girl, but the kind that never rubs your fur the wrong way. Virtue that is puffed up and vaunteth itself is so tedious; don't you think so, Mr. Thorn?"

"I think it does a great deal of harm in the world," said Mr. Thorn, gravely. "Out and out vice is not half so pernicious as rugged, rampant virtue. While you shun latent evil, a man is apt to run so hard from

a pillar of piety, that he runs clean down to the devil! The drunkard in the gutter preaches twice as effective a sermon as the man who buttonholes you with a temperance lecture."

"If I could lay any claim to virtue," said Tom—("Modest young man!" muttered Honora)—"I do not know of anything that would so quickly drive me to the paths of evil as to feel tolerably well convinced that there were certain of my acquaintances I should not meet there!"

"The ostentatiously virtuous are very wearying," Honora observed; "but when people can be good and conceal it—now, that is very clever, I think. I always admired Annette because it took me some time to find out she was not an ordinary mortal like the rest of us. She used to regularly attend church, but she did not drop in with her prayer-book to tell you she was going, nor later favor us with the text. I used to whiff cigarette-smoke in her face, and she never told me it made her ill, or frowned upon my little vice. 'I want people to do just as they like, in this world,' she said; 'they have a right to order their lives as they will; I do not criticise any one, but, for my part, I would like the privilege of living too in whatever way it suits me. I have just as much right to be respectable as other people have to be disreputable, and if I do not criticise their tastes, why should they criticise mine?'"

“And Miss Annette is to be at the pier, to-morrow?” inquired Mr. Thorn.

“Yes,” laughed Honora, “will you like to meet her?”

“I should esteem it an honor.”

“Then you must arise very early, and be at the dock.”

“You will find me there before you.”

“I warn you—she’s not a bit of a flirt.”

“Then she is all the more unique. I am most anxious to meet her.”

Honora rose from the table.

“What do you say to a drive, Tom?”

“I say it would be a very pleasant way of passing the afternoon.”

“We could drive out on the Kingsbridge Road, and stop for dinner at the Claremont returning.”

“I shall never accuse *you* of not knowing your own country. Can you go with us, Thorn?”

“I am at your disposal.”

“Then Patsy and I will fly upstairs for our bonnets,” said Honora, “while you men enjoy a cigar. Look for us in the Egyptian room, please, when you are ready to go.”

CHAPTER XII.

“O, you foolish, foolish little maidens, with your dainty heads so full of unwisdom, how often, oh, how often, are you to be warned, that it is not always the sweetest lovers who make good wearing husbands.”—
JEROME K. JEROME.

IT had been determined that Patricia should remain at the Waldorf till the hour of departure for Canada, while Tom continued his residence at the Club.

“It will be pleasant for you to be with Honora till she goes,” Tom had said, “and then if you will retain her apartments for one more day, it will be less awkward than re-registering you as Mrs. Pell. To be sure, we could go somewhere else, but it hardly seems worth while, for a single day. We shall get away for Canada the evening after Honora’s departure, and it would be a lot of fuss to move your trunks simply for twenty-four hours.”

Patricia dumbly acquiesced by a nod of the head. He was so eager for her society, this bridegroom of hers! would he have called it “a lot of fuss,” a few short weeks ago, to have moved a whole houseful of furniture, if it meant he should have her companionship! However, it was undoubtedly different when a man knew a

woman was his forever. Of what use to climb the tree to pluck the plum when it was ready to fall for you. She was now at Tom's disposal forevermore. He had no need to plead for her society or to exert himself to obtain it. She was his—to take or to leave—to caress or neglect—to worship or worry—as it suited him. She was the woman—dependent—at the mercy of his caprices ; he, the man,—independent and free. For her, there were limitations—he knew none. If life did not run smoothly at home, he could go out into the world and make merry ; but for her, there were narrow boundaries, within which she must dutifully remain.

She supposed that when there were so many days that they would be together, one day should not count ; still, it did seem to her, that a day at the *other end* of those days, would be less hard to spare. And then to leave her all alone in this big hotel !

She sighed deeply. Honora looked up from the piles of raiment she was half-buried among beside her trunks.

“What is it, dear ?”

Patricia gave a little mirthless laugh, comically shrugging her shoulders.

“Oh, a lot of things ! I am not a very festive bride, am I ? But I have trouble,—so many kinds of trouble,” dolorously. “I suppose if there weren't so many, though, I never should bear up.”

"Yes, it *is* better to have a number of woes," agreed Honora; "they sort of balance each other."

"That is it; I feel like the little donkey with his paniers," Patsy went on. "If the weight were all on one side, why, over he'd go! My sorrows are so beautifully balanced I escape toppling over; but they are very heavy to bear, all the same!"

"Please enumerate them," requested Honora. "I may be able to take a few away."

"Well, the first is that you are taking *yourself* away," said Patsy in a very grieved tone.

"It's good of you to miss me, dear, before I am gone; but I am satisfied that you'll not miss me a bit when I have actually departed. Tom is twice as good a companion as I. He has travelled more, read more, and is not cursed with *nerves* and *moods*. I feel very sure he will make you happy."

"I don't think he's trying very hard," pouted Patsy, "leaving me here, while he stays at the club!"

"What a contradictory young person you are!" laughed Honora. "Here you tell me one minute that you are lamenting my departure, and the next you are kicking at having to remain with me the few hours I have to stay."

"You know very well, Honora, it's not that," indignantly protested Patricia. "I *wanted* to stay with you every minute you were here, and I would have liked

to have asked Tom to let me, only I never should have proposed it, for fear of hurting his feelings ; but *he* very calmly suggests it, without caring a rap about *my* feelings ! It isn't that I care a bit about being where Tom is—I'd really rather be here—a *great deal* rather," as Honora smiled, incredulously, "only as long as I'm his wife, I don't think it's very polite to me ! Husbands don't *usually* dump their brides down in one place, and run off to some other as if the devil were after them."

Patricia paused for want of breath, and Honora did not attempt to conceal her amusement.

"Oh, Patsy !" she laughed, "it must have been *very* funny ! I've never seen Tom sprint ! Did he run all the way from here to the club ? And it's uphill, too ! Were you looking out the window ?"

"Oh, well ! You can laugh at me, I suppose ; but you can't convince me that Tom starts out in a very devoted manner."

"I believe I should appreciate it that he didn't," said Honora. "The men who remain their wives' lovers for long are not often to be found. I would prefer a man to start out in just the gait he could continue. Then you know exactly what to expect. When a man places you in Paradise one day, and hell the next, it's very wearing to the nerves. And the variety of man who starts in all protestations and

fervor, and gradually cools down till you are in fear of being bitten by the frost in his society, is not a very desirable sort of husband, either. Now, with Tom, you know exactly where to find him. He just loafes along the even tenor of his way. He will be just the same ten years from now as he is to-day—always courteous to you ; ready to take your part against the whole world, if need be ; not especially demonstrative, but very tender in his deportment toward you ; and always careful of *les convenances* ; you need never fear that he will introduce his mistress to you, or borrow your jewels for her adornment.”

“ His mistress ! ” exclaimed Patricia.

“ These things will occur in the best regulated of families,” said Honora.

“ I should leave him at once ! ” said Patricia.

“ Yes, dear ; of course. That is what every woman says—and seldom does ! ”

“ Do you suppose that I would tolerate, for one moment——”

“ We will suppose, in the first place,” smiled Honora, “ that you would probably never know.”

“ I could not fail to know ! ” said Patricia.

“ It is something you do not wish to watch for,” said Honora.

“ Why not ? ” demanded Patricia.

“ A suspicious wife often drives her husband away

from her. She makes home miserable with her suspicions and jealousies till he ceases to come home. Temptation presents itself—and he argues that he might as well ‘have the game as the name.’ ”

“But if I haven’t driven him to it, and he is untrue to me——”

“Never let the thought cross your mind, unless you are confronted by absolute *proof*. Refuse to harbor suspicion that may be undeserved. Be above petty doubts. It is Barrie, I think, who says, ‘To doubt is to dip love in the mire’—and nothing is truer, dear. Just so soon as you begin to question his fidelity, just so soon you have begun your descent into a valley from which it is difficult to ascend again. One drop of doubt poisons all. There may be ninety-nine indications of his guilt, but there is one blessed chance left that his explanation will sweep them all away.”

“And a man who could not explain a thing would be no man at all,” Patsy dryly remarked.

“They usually do fairly well in that line,” Honora admitted.

“But if I knew, beyond any denying, that Tom was not true to me, then you grant I would be quite right to go?”

“If you could,” said Honora.

“*If I could?* ”

“Sometimes a woman loves a man too dearly to

leave him, even then! She had rather be the least something to him than *nothing*. It is the Newfoundland dog in some natures."

"I am not like that," said Patricia, proudly.

"Again, the man pleads extenuating circumstances, promises better behavior, swears that he only forgot her for the moment, and *loves* no one as he does her."

"The woman he preferred for the moment might have him," said Patricia, "he could not return to *me*!"

"Then there is the woman who would suffer a thousand humiliations rather than take the world into her confidence. She is too proud to have it known that she must share her husband. She would aid and abet him in concealing it. 'Only spare me publicity,' she implores him, 'and I will be deaf, dumb and blind.' She appears in public with him, occupies the same sleeping apartments with him—lest the servants chatter—is daily crucified, and makes no moan."

"I will suffer for *no man* like that," said Patricia scornfully. "I would not endure it for a day."

"And what do you think you would do?" asked Honora, in a mildly amused tone.

"Just one of two things," said Patricia quietly, "kill him—or kill myself!"

Honora grew serious. She left her trunks and came gravely over to where Patricia was sitting, and sat down close beside her,

"Dear," she said, very tenderly, "we never can tell what kind of trouble may come, but if any unhappiness should ever come to you, something that you cannot go to Tom about, I want you to find out when the next steamer is sailing, and come directly to France."

"I might not have enough money," said Patsy; "a revolver would be cheaper than a passage to Paris!"

"You shall always have money," replied Honora. "I do not know what allowance Tom can make you, but you shall have something of your own besides. About the tenth of every month a check will reach you that you are to spend in whatever way you please; but I make one stipulation, that you put away a part of it each month, so that if anything unpleasant occurred you would have by you sufficient to bring you to me. No, you are not to shake your head in that uncivil fashion. I shall feel very much snubbed if you refuse to accept it."

"But, dear Honora, I surely shall not need it; you are too good to me."

"Not a bit of it! I confess to you I have a selfish motive, besides the pleasure it will give me to do something for you—it will also save me from a lot of worry. It is a great safeguard to a woman to know that she has some one ready to rescue her if she is in trouble; but it is not of much use if that some one is a great

way off and she is without the wherewithal to get there! I do not intend to leave you in any such predicament, dear. I want you never to be without money of your own, and I want you to feel that you may always, at any time, come to me, knowing that you will be welcomed. I won't promise not to scold you, if you have been foolish; but there is nothing I would refuse to do for you, Patsy dear. I have to leave you; but do not feel that, because I am absent, I have in any sense deserted you."

"You are so good and kind! You do so much for me! When can I ever do anything for you?"

"Every day you can do something for me," answered Honora. "Put all my precautions in contempt—*be happy*."

"You ask something very difficult!"

"Oh, you only wished to do something easy for me!"

"Indeed, the harder the better; but you ask the impossible it seems to me! If you said, 'Be happy *some days*'—but *every day*—one never could!"

"It takes time; but when you can meet your troubles half-way and greet them with stoicism, instead of waiting for *them* to crush *you*, you have won the biggest battle. The very first lesson is to learn to forget yourself. To forget to sulk when the whole world does not bow down to you. To forget to pamper and pity yourself. Men are selfish—they can't

help it, poor things, they were born so! Tom will do a lot of kind things for you when it is right in his way, and then at other times, will be dreadfully disappointing. All you can do is to make the best of it. You can mope in a corner and tell yourself what a poor oppressed creature you are, if that is the best you can do, but it's the very poorest sort of way to find happiness. It is better to put on your bonnet and go out into the sunshine, and breathe the fresh sweet air till you could not be glum if you tried. Take long walks when you are moody, they are a splendid cure; physical fatigue you will find is a capital offset for mental disquietude."

"You command me to be happy," said Patricia, sadly, "and yet speak as though you were sure I would not be."

"Just at first I fear you may not be quite happy, because I fancy you will expect too much, and I am trying to warn you against it. So often the young wife forgets that the masculine half of the family is entitled to have his own way, now and then, without being judged a brute; that he, also, has a right to individual tastes; and that nothing will send a man out of the house sooner than a frowning face. Marriage is either a sacrament or a sacrilege; I want yours to be above bickerings; your love to be so broad that your husband will never come nigh the rough

edges ; so deep that he may never suspect the dregs. You have promised to love and to cherish and to honor him, and however he may keep his part of the bargain, keep *you* to the very soul of your vow."

"*I will try*," said Patricia, earnestly.

Honora took the sober little face lovingly in her strong hands and kissed her lingeringly.

"I am sad to leave you, dear," she said.

"Do you feel a foreboding?" asked Patsy in an awed tone.

"Oh, no" said Honora, trying to assume a cheerfulness, "it is only the shadow of parting, which has fallen upon me."

"I feel, Honora," Patsy said slowly, with her eyes staring strangely far away, and shivering a little as she spoke, "that we are never to meet again!"

"I have been speaking too solemnly," said Honora, "I have depressed you with such a serious sermon. Now you are to forget it all and scamper to bed. You are not to think of a thing but your wedding journey till you fall asleep, then your dreams will be happy ones; and now I must go back to my trunks. It is late."

Patricia rose, as though half in a trance, her eyes fixed sombrely on Honora's face. "I wonder if it will be you or I," she said gravely.

"Nonsense!" said Honora. "We shall be supping

together in Paris before the year is out. You do not think we will be apt to quarrel do you?" stooping to kiss her once more.

"No, it will not be that," said Patricia. "Good-night."

CHAPTER XIII.

“Who is called on to show his rags to the public, and cry out his hunger in the street?”

HONORA had gone. Annette and Patricia were making a tour of the shops. Tom, accompanied by Mr. Thorn, had gone down to the Equitable Building, to inform his attorneys of his marriage and to make suitable provision for Patricia, in the event of accident to himself.

“I don’t see why you couldn’t have done it decently,” growled old Mr. Frelinghuysen, who had had charge of the Pell estates for many years, and felt privileged to speak his mind to the young man.

“It is a perfectly legal marriage, is it not?” serenely inquired Tom.

“Certainly, sir. That is why I see no sense to it, sir. If you are going to marry a woman, marry her out and above board,—not as though you were ashamed of the performance. It is a poor-spirited woman would consent to it.”

“Mrs. Pell and myself somehow considered it our

privilege to be married in whatever way we pleased," said Tom, haughtily. "Moreover, it is our preference that the marriage should not be announced—at present."

"*Eh?*" said the old solicitor, sharply. "Is it a runaway affair, Thomas?"

"In a sense—yes. My wife's parents have not been informed; but Miss Herrick, with whom Mrs. Pell has been passing the summer, witnessed the ceremony and gave her away. Mrs. Pell is not on pleasant terms with her people."

"*Who are her people?*" gruffly.

"Her father is the Reverend Philip Allan."

"Never heard of him!" snorted Mr. Frelinghuysen.

"You surprise me," said Tom. "With your extensive acquaintance among the clergy——"

"Where does he preach?" interrupted the irate old gentleman.

"In a small town in Massachusetts called Schuylerville."

"So, sir!" said Mr. Frelinghuysen, rubbing his hands together excitedly, "you have married the daughter of an obscure country clergyman—a young woman in disgrace with her people—who was a sort of companion to some woman I dare say you know nothing about!"

"I hardly care to continue this unpleasant discussion, sir. I regret my marriage should so offend you. I called, however, to request you to draw my will, Mr. Frelinghuysen, and if you could conveniently attend to it to-day, it would be a service to me, as we start on a trip through Canada to-morrow. I have here a list of a few special legacies I wish to leave, and all the 'rest, residue and remainder' is to be given to my wife, Patricia Allan Pell. I would like her to be co-executor with yourself,—both to serve without bonds. Could the document be ready about two?"

"It can, sir," said Mr. Frelinghuysen, rising.

"I want to stop in, downstairs, to see the Equitable Company about a life insurance policy, look in on some of my old friends in Wall Street, and then I am returning here to lunch at the Lawyers' Club, with Thorn. Will be in again near two, I should say; good-morning."

"Good-morning, sir," mumbled Mr. Frelinghuysen.

Meanwhile, Annette was plying Patricia with questions. Had she been ill? She looked very pale. Why had she left her last letter unanswered? Was she going on immediately to Schuylerville, or should she stop a few days with her aunt? She hoped she was going to stay over. Sunday was her leisure day, and Saturday she was not very busy, for all her Sunday "stuff"

went to press on Friday ; she could devote almost two days to Patsy if she were to be in town.

All of which was very embarrassing to poor Patricia, who stumbled through her answers as best she could. It was true she had not been well ; expecting to see Annette so soon, she had not written ; she was not staying with her aunt, for her aunt was in Europe ; and she was not going to Schuylerville—she was bound for Quebec, and up the St. Lawrence, with—some relatives. If she returned by way of New York she would then come to see Annette, but more likely they would go directly to Boston from Montreal.

“ What a very jolly trip,” said Annette. Well, Patsy must be sure to write to her, and she hoped she would arrange to come back through New York. Now, what did she want to buy ? She would devote two hours to Patricia and could take her just where she wanted to go—and as she knew all the shops like a book, she could promise to guide her aright. A card-case first ? they would find that at Gorham’s ; and from there it was only a couple of blocks across town to Altman’s for *lingerie*.

Annette found herself rather aghast at Patricia’s purchases. She would only be satisfied with a card-case rimmed with gold. The *lingerie* must be of French make, of sheer lawn and real lace, and she wanted plenty of it. Then, not one, but several pairs

of *Fasso* corsets must he had. She liked them in thin batistes, with posies embroidered all over them, and there must be petticoats to match. One must be of pale blue, strewn with daisies ; forget-me-nots on a black ground, for another ; and on cream-color she would like yellow rose-buds, if they were not in stock, why, order them done ! And now for some hats and dresses.

“Have you been robbing a bank, Patricia?” inquired Annette, at last, “or did your long-lost uncle die in Australia and leave you a gold mine or two?”

Patsy laughed happily. “Annette dear, I have a thousand dollars ! Honora gave it to me, this morning—ten one hundred dollar bills—just think of it ! I never saw so much money before in all my life !”

“How lovely and generous of her,” said Annette. “But, dear Patsy, at this rate, you’ll have nothing left.”

“What do I want to have anything left for ? She told me to spend it for anything I liked, and to be sure to buy a lot of pretty clothes. She said she had meant to send me some from Paris, but with the duties, and all, it wouldn’t be worth while, when I could get such pretty French things here.”

“But things just a little less expensive, Patsy, would do quite as well for Schuylerville, and it would be nice to have a little left for your winter wardrobe—the summer is about over, you know.”

"But I'm not going to Schuylerville, Annette, I'm going to Canada."

"Well, you surely don't need all these fine things for Canada; you'll find all the women up there in the dowdiest duds; anything will do for there! Now, I'll tell you, keep a hundred dollars in your purse, and we'll go up to my bank and deposit the rest. I will introduce you!"

"Well, I guess not!" said Patsy. "Why won't you please let me enjoy the very first money I've ever had? I don't want to lock it up in an old bank!"

"It's *your* money, dear, and I'm only suggesting; but you never can tell what might happen; when a few hundred dollars might be your very salvation; death and disaster come unawares. If you *needed* these things that would be different; but you don't need them a bit, so it seems to me it would be wisest to put some of your money away, before you are tempted to spend every dollar about you."

"Please, Miss Annette Fay," said Patricia good-humoredly, "let me judge what I need and what I don't! I am really more familiar with my wardrobe than you are. I have some very pretty things, it is true, which dear Honora gave me; but the more pretty things one has, the more one wants, don't you know! When you have a pretty frock you must have

a pretty hat to go with it, and having the hat and the frock, there must be gloves and shoes in keeping ; and when these are obtained, you would not be content in ugly underwear, and one thing leads on to another. As to foregoing present pleasures to avoid possible predicament in the far-away future, I don't see the use of that a bit ; my friends would never let me starve ! Either you or Honora would give me a crust of bread, if I asked you very prettily !”

“ My dear, the best friend in the world is a *bank*, a good trustworthy national bank. It is all very well to have friends who are too fond of you to let you starve, and who would gladly make you a loan, but a good sound bank, that will cash your checks, is the most valuable friend you can find.”

“ I think it *must* be rather grand to write your name on a check ! However, I think I'll wait. I'm not half through my shopping yet, Annette, and I must also have some money for Canada you know. I'll talk to you about it later on. Now where is Madame Tierce's ; I want some pretty hats, and then take me to the best place for men's ties.”

The hats and the ties were bought ; they lunched at Delmonico's, and then Annette announced that she must go.

“ Oh, but first I want to buy something for *you*,” said Patricia.

"Indeed you shall not ;" said Annette, "nottill you have a bank account !"

Patricia pouted. "Really, I'll be very miserable if you won't let me give you some little thing."

"I am sorry to make you miserable, but not till you have a bank account as big as mine can you spend a penny on me."

"Very well, then, I shall bring you something from Quebec."

"I hope you will come back through New York. I want to show you my little garret den," said Annette. "I call it the *Rookery*. It is three big rooms, at the top of an old-fashioned house, furnished with queer old things, from auction shops. Everything there required some saving to get, so it is all the dearer to me. I don't often ask people to stop with me, I'm such a busy thing, but I'd be very glad to have you, Patsy, if you could put up with my being away early and late. You could have the run of the place—with the exception of my writing-room—and I'd do my best to make you comfortable."

"Thank you, dear. I'll write you from Quebec. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, and a jolly journey to you."

Patsy went listlessly homeward. How hard it had been to keep up a chatter with Annette, when she longed to break down and tell her the whole wretched

story. How lonely it would be with Honora gone! Even throwing money to the dogs had not been so diverting as she had fancied it would be, and she had shocked Annette by her extravagance. But what did any thing matter! She was evidently born to be a shocking person, and why wrestle with fate!

CHAPTER XIV.

“Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds, all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.”— EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

PATRICIA had had breakfast served in her room, and now was regarding dismally the multiplicity of her possessions.

“However I’m to get them all into two trunks,” she lamented, “I’m sure I do not know. Simply I don’t believe they’ll ever go in at all—and I can’t carry frocks over my arm to the train. I had better go down town, right now, and get a portmanteau, one of those jolly big leather affairs, like Honora’s, that will hold a thousand things or so. There’s no need of hurrying about packing, anyhow, for I’ve the whole long day for it, with Tom not coming for me till half-past five, and I might see some other things to buy! I’ve only spent two hundred, so far, and the rest is burning a hole in that sweet little purse Honora gave it to me in! My wedding gifts were certainly very lovely, if they were so few!—all those big bills from Honora, in a dear little white seal purse, the beautiful pearl necklace from

Tom that had been his mother's, and the queer old cluster diamond ring that she had worn, and this collection of love-stories from Mr. Thorn—six volumes of them—all about love in different countries—‘*Graziella*,’ ‘*Marie*,’—come in,” to a tap at the door.

A hall-boy entered, and handed her a long narrow box, labelled “Thorley”. Within were some long-stemmed roses and a little nosegay of violets, tied with a ribbon to match the leaves. On top lay Tom's card—with the words “Good-morning” inscribed upon it.

“Well, he's rather nice,” said Patsy. “I like this very much.” Then, critically, studying the card—“Why didn't he say ‘With my undying love,’ or ‘Sweets to the sweet,’—oh, no, that's for candy ;—but he might have said, ‘There are only two things sweet, women and roses’—that is a pretty sentiment ; I saw it lettered on a rose-jar once.” ‘*Good-morning !*’ Why, the veriest stranger might say that ! He at least ought to have said, ‘To my darling, precious Patsy !’—‘*Good-morning !*’ how very commonplace ! I wonder if Tom *is* commonplace ! Heigho ! There I go picking him to pieces, and Honora would just scold me, if she could hear ! She said men were privileged beings—that it was we women who must have the patience and the charity, and be brave and long-suffering. That the question was not how they treated us, but whether we loved them enough

to take them as we found them and put up with their bushel of shortcomings. If a woman found she did not love her husband enough to put up with his failings—or if he gave her serious grounds for complaint—she should have sense enough to leave him ; but so long as she remained by his side, she must cover him with the mantle of charity and harbor him in the inner recesses of her heart.

“But suppose a man kicks, in the ‘inner recesses,’ and wants to be let out ! Honora would make a veritable baby of a man, I do believe—and one would never dream she had so much sentiment hidden anywhere about her. Now I shall treat Tom just as he treats me. What he puts into the scales on his side, I’ll balance him with on mine. There’ll be no ‘accept-me-for-a-carpet, mister—I was put here for you to tread upon’—not at all ! When he’s good, I’ll be good ; and when he isn’t, I shall be just like the girl that had a little curl that hung in the middle of her forehead.”

Thereupon, being now arrayed in a neat little checked silk costume, a black toque trimmed with dandelions upon her dainty head, Mrs. Pell abandoned her very serious soliloquy, and tripped away to look for a portmanteau.

A stage came rattling down the avenue as she left the hotel, and she ran to catch it at the corner. A stage-ride was a real novelty. The driver loosed the

strap of the door a little way, and she managed to squeeze herself through the tiny aperture he permitted her. It was very solemn within. The stage made such a din no one attempted talking. The seats were full, and some people standing up had to stoop, not to hit their hats on the roof of the carriage. A man rose and gave her his seat, another took her fare to the box. A small messenger-boy raced after the coach and leaped up on the step behind, ducking his head low behind the door whenever the driver peered about. And every one smiled. No one censured him. When some one would get out he would jump off and run along on the sidewalk, till he could mount again, unobserved by the man on the box.

“I suppose if he were hungry,” thought Patricia, “and stole a crust of bread he would go to jail, but his very impudence in stealing a five-cent ride, in sight of every one, makes them forget that he is really a bad little boy, and not a soul reproves him. Yes, I really think the audacious get on better in this world than the meek ones. The man who plunders right and left, and runs away, has it said, ‘At least, he was clever!’ Was it Voltaire—or what old French sinner was it? said there were three things that could be depended upon to conquer, and they were ‘audacity, audacity, and *more* audacity;’—and yet here is Honora, telling me the only way to get on in the world is to cultivate

meekness and a lowly spirit!—Ah! there are some trunks and things!—Let me see, you push the door or pull the strap to get out of this trap. Well! they certainly waste no time in leaving you!”—For just as Patsy got both feet upon the step, on went the stage, jouncing her off into the roadway.

She crossed Madison Square and went into a shop beneath the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where she invested in, not only a portmanteau, but several other travelling appurtenances, and then walked slowly up Broadway, peering into the windows. Some collarettes at Starr’s attracted her admiration—one was of blue velvet with an antique buckle set with pearls. “That is just what I want!” she exclaimed enthusiastically, running up the steps. A salesman met her at the door. “I will take the blue collar in the window,” she told him, “the one with the pearl pin.”

The man brought it to her, and consulted the tag.

“\$900,” he read.

“Oh!” gasped Patricia, “then I *don’t* want it.”

The clerk smiled. “We have others less expensive, from \$5 up. How do you like this, at \$15?”

Patricia liked it very much, and selected three, at this figure, with enamelled clasps of odd designs on different-hued ribbons.

Wandering down the length of the store, she saw another door, and leaving that way, found herself in

Fifth Avenue; and only a step away she came to a house that bore the sign, *Redfern*.

Redfern! that magic name! The wonderful place that the fashion-writers were always quoting. She had read the name, with awe, again and again, but never upon a waist tape! And now, she could go there and buy just what she pleased, with such a little fortune in her pocket! She would buy a frock or two, at the very least! So opportune that she had come that way! What! No gowns ready made! How disappointing! No, she could not order something, for she was going away that very day to Canada. Yes, she had a fall coat. A cape? she didn't like capes; oh, but yes, that one by the window—she would like to try it on.

It was certainly a most captivating little cape, or perhaps I should say *capes*, for it was double, the top one reaching to the shoulders, and the lower one to the waist, both very full, and rippling all around. The color was a golden brown, and it was braided all about the edge with white and gold cord, and lined with rich white satin.

“Do you think,” she said shyly, “that it would be too showy for a—for a bride?”

Indeed, it was simply very swell for a bride, the saleswoman smilingly told her; it was the smartest thing they had made up that season, and very new in style.

Patricia carried away the cape; no, she would not have it sent, it might not come in time;—she would carry it across her arm, and—she wouldn't mind the label showing!

“Well!” she exclaimed, upon reaching her room again, “it was very lucky I went after that portmantau, or I wouldn't have had all these pretty things. \$200 more is missing from my store, but my! what a lot there is left! . . . It seems to me that there are more things lying about here than ever. I wonder if I really shouldn't have purchased another trunk! It would be such a bother if I still hadn't enough room for everything!”

Mr. Pell had his luggage all ready for departure, and sat in the Club window awaiting the hour when he should go for Patricia. There was a cigar in his mouth, and something in a long tumbler beside him, that was just a shade too yellow to be Croton water.

He had not slept well the night before, and felt rather fatigued in consequence. A number of thoughts had occupied his mind upon retiring, to the disadvantage of sleep. So it was not a dream, or a farce, or a mere possibility—it was a real fact that he had actually married Patricia, he reflected, as he lay down upon his pillow. And why? How did it happen? Oh, yes—he recalled—Honora had asked it—he

did it to please Honora ! No, that wasn't quite true, he did it, hanged if he knew why he did it ! He just did it, and that was all there was about it, so far as he could fathom !

And it was a marriage not to be announced, a queer little marriage with no one present, in the private parlor of a hotel ! No wedding guests, no merriment, —precious little feasting ; only words, and a ring and one lone witness. It had been Honora's plan, and he had assented. Patricia, he could see, was not quite contented with the ceremony, and Mr. Frelinghuysen thought him a sneak. After all, had it really been a wise thing to marry Patricia, and had it been best to keep her with him ? She might be better off in France.

Honora had been much entertained when he told her he should not let Patsy go away. Truly, he must be in love with Patricia, she had said, and a man in love with his own wife was certainly a curiosity. They would be wanting to exhibit him at Huber's, and do him in wax for the Musée !

But Honora was a good sort ! No one could be better company when she hadn't some whim up her sleeve. And he had been entertained, in turn, when she had lectured him upon the proper treatment of Patricia.

“ She is very young, you must remember, “ she had

said ; “ younger from being brought up out of the world. There is so very much she does not know.”

“ Contrary to your highness,” he had murmured.

“ And she is so very sensitive,” Honora had continued, “ it would break her heart if you bullied her. The laborer beats his wife ;—she binds up her wounds, and, when they have healed, forgets them. The more cultured man, when the devil is in him, lashes his wife with cutting words that scar far worse than the laborer’s blows. They sink into her heart, and will not be obliterated. Dear Tommo, it is such a serious thing to have taken a woman for better or worse—it is such a sacred vow. And Patsy is such a lonely little creature ; when I am gone, she has only you, in all the country. She has given herself to you—trustingly ; do deserve her trust. She may, some days, have whims and tempers, it is one of our foolish feminine ways which we are very sorry for, indeed, afterwards ; but if she is not as amiable, on every occasion as you require, *be patient*—explain to her how she is not quite fair. You, too, have faults, which *she* must bear. Patsy loves you more dearly than you half know ; but just at first you may not understand each other—there are the shoals and the rocks to learn before the ship of matrimony sails smoothly on its way—and it takes a little time to learn the chart. Somehow, I feel incurably sad at parting from you and Patsy, but I

want you to feel, Tom, that I am the very firm friend of you both. If you do not treat Patsy well, I shall scold you, that is sure; and if she neglects you, a scolding for *her* is in store. You are both too nice not to be fully appreciated."

"And if we do *not* get on," he had said, "I myself will do a little sharp talking. I shall blame only you!"

"If that day comes," she had earnestly said, "I want to assure you that you will always find me ready and willing to care for Patsy, in France."

Again these conversations repeated themselves to Mr. Pell's memory as he watched the passers-by, from the vantage of his club window.

"I believe I may be trusted to treat a woman properly," he mused, as he roused himself to consult his watch and order a cab, "but I can't stand tempers! Women's huffs play the very deuce with my nerves. There are to be no tantrums indulged in by Mrs. Pell. She will *tant* just once with me, and the sooner she has learned this lesson the smoother our pathway will be!"

From all of which this moral may be deduced—that, train up a child in the way it should go, and when it grows up, it will—*go it*.

CHAPTER XV.

“Eve was made from Adam’s bone. Not from his head that she should tower about him, nor from his feet that he might trample upon her ; but from his side that they should be equal ; from under his arm, that he might protect her ; from beside his heart, that he should yearn for her.”

VERY fortunately Tom arrived at the Waldorf somewhat before the appointed hour. The boy who had taken his card up to “Miss Allan” came back to say the lady was not quite ready and wanted him to come upstairs. “It is something about the luggage, sir,” the boy said.

Tom looked at his watch, made a few uncomplimentary remarks about the unpunctuality of women, *sotto voce* and ascended to Patricia’s apartment.

Patsy, in tears, occupied the centre of the floor, where she sat disconsolate, while two chambermaids and a porter struggled to close a trunk—the chambermaids being perched upon the top while the porter tugged perspiringly away at the latch of the lock.

“Oh, Tom!” said Patsy, “we are *so* discouraged! You

see the things won't all go in—some have *got* to come out, and I've *nothing* else to put them in. What *will* we do?"

"How did you get them here?" impatiently inquired Mr. Pell. "If you got your things into your trunks in Chicago, I don't see why they shouldn't go in now!"

"Oh, but you see there are more things than then. Honora bought me some and I bought some—and—there seem to be a great *many* more than I ever *dreamed* there were."

"It seems to me it might have occurred to you to get another trunk."

"Why, Tommy, I *did*. That is—a portmanteau. I was sure it would hold everything, but it *won't*."

"I'll have to take out a dress, miss!" exclaimed the porter, quite breathless with exertion.

"All right; toss it out—if it really *can't* be helped," said Patsy, gloomily.

"My dear child!" thundered Tom, glancing around the room, "are we to take all this truck about with us? Why, good God! we'd need a special baggage-car, and it would take them an entire day to search us at the customs!"

"Why, Tom!" said Patsy, tearfully, "what could I do? I can't throw my things away! Where will I put them except to take them with me?"

"You can stop getting more things at the tag end, of the season, can't you?" impatiently.

The return of the porter interrupted a reply.

"I don't think everything will go on the cab, sir!"

"Of course it won't," said Tom crossly. "Get another cab and put all the stuff here in it, and have the man go to the New York Central Station—wait there till I come. Now what do you want to do with that frock on the floor?" to Patricia.

"I want to take it," she sniffed.

"Can't you give it to the chambermaid?"

"Give her my beautiful new Eton suit!" gasped Patsy in alarm. "Why, of course I can't! She's gone for some paper, now, and we'll do it up into *just* as small a bundle as ever we can!"

Mr. Pell sank into a chair.

"What are all those other things?" he inquired feebly.

"Why, there's my satchel," in a very injured tone, "with my night-dress in it, and all that; and a bundle of books to read on the train—I got them downstairs at the book-stand (there's a very nice man there who picked them all out for me); and then, I got a little basket of fruit, we might want it, you know;—and a basket of bottles—that's all;—oh, except this little tiny bandbox with my Tierce bonnet in it—I *couldn't* put that in the trunk, you know, Tom,

for it might get crushed ; it's just flowers and chiffon and—lace—the most *beautiful* thing ! It would be mashed as flat as a pancake in that crowded trunk, dear ! ”

“ And how do you propose to carry them ? ”

“ Oh, that is quite easy—(thank you, Maria, that looks very small, we can handle that very nicely indeed)—the boys here will take them down to the carriage, and the porter at the station will put them in the train, and another porter will take them to the carriage in Montreal, and boys will carry them in at the Windsor—we'll not have to put a finger on them the whole way. Then in Montreal, of course, I'll buy a bigger trunk ! ”

“ A bundle the size of a dress-suit case ; another bundle not quite so large (but weighing considerably more, I fancy), said to contain books ; a bandbox ; a satchel ; a small basket of fruit, and a waste-basket with paper tied over the top, filled with God-knows-what ! ” enumerated Tom, with an air of abject despair. “ Patricia, what is in that big basket with the paper top ? ”

“ Oh, those are our bottles, dear,” explained Patricia.

“ *Bottles !* Do you mean to say you are carting along a lot of wine ? ”

“ Oh, no indeed ; bottles of all sorts of things that we'll need when we get away from civilization—that is, we *may* need them—we can't tell whether they have any

apothecary shops way off in that wilderness up the Saguenay and we might get sick, we can't *know*; so I've provided everything for an emergency."

Tom picked up the basket and savagely tore off the cover. Mustard leaves, courtplaster, arnica, lint—comprised the top layer.

"Pond's Extract! What is that for?"

"It is very good for burns," said Patricia, meekly.

"Arnica?"

"It takes the soreness out of bruises."

Toothache drops, Jamaica ginger, vaseline, cold cream, rose-water, powdered charcoal, mucilage, ink, beef extract, violet toilet water—all rolled in tissue-paper and tied up with string, he pulled out of the basket, his wrath increasing with every fresh find.

"Do we drink ink for a sore throat, or paint bruises with mucilage?" he demanded.

"They might not have *good* ink at the hotels, and sometimes mucilage is very handy," said Patsy, choking back the tears.

"Well, we'll leave all this trash, with our compliments, to the Hotel Waldorf!"

"Oh! It seems wicked to waste them."

"I don't care a *damn* what it seems," Mr. Pell tersely remarked, "simply, they don't go."

"Very well," said Patsy, pityingly, "when there comes a day that you would give *the world* if you had

them, you will be sorry you would not take a little trouble to take them along."

"When my time comes to die, I expect to die," said Tom, "and I'm not going about the globe with an apothecary shop on my back, to try to defeat the programme of the Almighty. That basket and those bottles with the fruit and the books may remain right there on that table, for the chambermaid, or the porter, or the trash barrel,—I don't care a *sou marquis* which; the bundle containing your frock I will have sent by express to Quebec, also the bandbox—which shall be labelled '*Handle with care.*' The satchel we will carry. That rather reduces things to a pleasanter plane. Are you ready?"

"*Must* I leave the books?"

"Yes, you must leave the books; there is a purveyor of literature on the train, and also a vendor of peaches and pears. Shall we start? We are a little short for time—and I must stop at the office to give the order about the express."

Patsy gave a sorrowful glance backward, as she followed Tom out the door. She longed to rush back and seize the prized bottles and books.

"I wouldn't mind about the fruit," she said to herself, "although I selected those big plums *especially* for Tom; but I devoted so much time to thinking up those things in the bottles, and I was an hour deciding

upon the books; it seems so inconsiderate! Oh, indeed men are selfish—and cruel—and *rude!* ”

Tom had just touched the elevator bell, when Patricia suddenly turned and rushed back toward the room. “Go on! I will join you downstairs,” she called back, “I have forgotten something.”

“What did you forget?” Tom asked, as he put her in the carriage.

“An umbrella and three parasols,” she replied.

“Where are they?”

“I gave them away,” she replied serenely. “If the Almighty intends it to rain upon me, undoubtedly I would be guilty of irreverence to put a cover over my head, and as to a little sunburn, if that also is the will of Heaven——”

“That will do,” said Tom, quietly, but peremptorily.

Patricia smiled, and looked out of the open window. Tom stared solemnly from his. They did not speak all the way to the station, nor even after they had gone aboard the train. There was no dining-car on, but Tom ordered supper from the *buffet*. The newsboy came along, and Mr. Pell invested in *Life* and *Vogue* for Patricia and a copy of *Town Topics* for himself. Patricia accepted the papers listlessly, without deigning him a glance, and turned the pages carelessly, not even pretending to read. Tom, for his part, read the same

page for some fifteen minutes, without knowing a word he had seen.

He had a very guilty feeling, somehow. He had been impatient with poor little Patsy; he had been atrociously uncivil to the one woman in the world to whom he should never fail to be courteous! He wondered if she felt very sad, but felt a diffidence about inquiring. Honora had begged him to be patient with Patricia, and this was his behavior at the very outset! He tossed the paper aside and looked across at his girl-wife.

"Yes," said Patricia to herself, "this is a honeymoon! This is being a bride! It is thus we commence our wedding-journey! It is indeed very festive and joyful!"

A little tear stole down the side of her cheek. Tom saw it, with contrition. He rose from his chair and closed the door of their drawing-room, and, returning, took Patsy in his arms.

"I am a brute, sweetheart, and a bear!" he penitently exclaimed. "I don't deserve a wife at all! I am *very* sorry I have been so churlish to you, dear. You see a man does *abominate* anything in the shape of a bundle of any sort. Why, I wouldn't carry a neck-tie home! and that fearful array you set before me just flabbergasted me! I felt like wringing your neck dear!"

Patricia laughed, rather forlornly.

"I really might have been more polite about it, I think!" he went on.

"You couldn't have been less so," she pouted, while her eyes looked reproachfully into his.

"*I couldn't* have been less so," he reiterated. "I feel awfully ashamed. What can I do to get forgiven?"

"Just be kind to me," she said, gently. "Oh, Tommo," she continued, her arms tight about his neck, "I *want* to be a good wife to you! If I make mistakes, won't you try to be kind about them? I will not mean to do wrong, I want to do only the right things, but I do not know very much! I'm just a stupid little thing! I supposed I was very thoughtful, and that you would be so pleased with my basket of bottles, and you see I made the biggest sort of a mistake. You see I don't know the right things—*yet*; I will learn!"

"Poor little pet! I ought to be kicked round the block. You shall buy your bottles in Montreal, and I'll carry them, myself, all over Canada!"

"No," said Patsy, laughing, "I see, now, that I was a goose!"

Tom kissed her very tenderly.

"Let us make a contract to have a lot of patience with each other," he said.

"Very well; will we write it out and sign it?"

"Yes," said Tom, smiling, "we'll write it out at the hotel, to-morrow, sign it and seal it, and each carry a copy!"

After supper they played bezique, leaning across the table between each deal to lovingly kiss one another.

Patsy's eyes beamed into Tom's, radiant with tenderness. Her heart beat fast with happiness.

After all, what a dear world it was!

CHAPTER XVI.

"So, for awhile they were happy, these two, and even fancied they were to be happy forever; but it was merely the madness with which the gods cursed them, before they should stretch out their hands and smite."—GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

THE early wanderings of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pell through Canada were not eventful. They left the train, first, at Lachine,—breakfasting there upon that finest fish afloat, the delicious muskallonge,—and then "shot the rapids" into Montreal—an excursion described by Patricia as "thrilling," and declared "a fake" by Tom.

In Montreal they visited churches and convents, and followed the daily procession of carriages up the mountain drive, patronizing the small bazar at the top. They went, one early morning, to the old Bonsecours Market, where ladies of all degrees assemble to select the day's joint and superintend its weighing. They made a little tour of the fur-shops, where garments were to be had for a song, and were so badly cut and made that "a song" was liberal payment.

And all things went happily.

Patricia was enjoying every hour of this new life—this pleasant peep into a new world; and Tom, who abominated “tourist tricks,” found himself poking about to all sorts of places he had not the least desire to behold, because of Patricia’s simple, unaffected delight and ardent appreciation. Her happiness shed its sunshine upon him. He became a boy, for the moment, and when they went for the day to St. Helen’s Island, they wandered about, hand in hand, like two little playmates out a-pleasuring.

It was in Quebec that a little fleck floated across this serene sky—quaint, queer old Quebec, with its incomparable charm. Patsy declared she should never be willing to leave! No vehicle ever *was* so comfortable as the crazy old *calèches*, with their jolly little jog, as they tumbled down the long, steep hills—never really jouncing one hard, or being the least fatiguing, she would have told you. She explored the Lower City from end to end, and never tired of it; dragged Tom to the Fort, took long drives on the St. Louis Road—and was only discontent that she knew no one to ask her in to one of the fine, old-fashioned mansions that one got a glimpse of through the trees on either side. The hotel where they were staying displeased her a little from being brand new, but except that there was no Turkish *salon*, she declared it to be as beautiful as the Waldorf, and Tom himself admitted that the

Château Frontenac, was not so bad a place—for Canada; admired, with Patricia, its massive structure and fine stone turrets; and enjoyed their evening promenades on Dufferin Terrace, where all Quebec seemed to assemble when the weather was fair.

“I was rather doubtful about what sort of inns we would find in this land,” he told Patsy, “but now I am reassured. We won’t find as large houses up the river, but I imagine they will know how to feed us—they cannot fail to give us good fish, with the river full of them, so we will be sure to get on.”

Tom left the smoking-room one morning, where a casual acquaintance had been making his life miserable by haranguing upon the tariff—for which Tom did not care a picayune—in rather an irritable humor. He decided his liver had again gone wrong. (That poor liver of Tom’s! It seemed to be a sort of closet, fitted with pegs of all sorts and sizes, upon which he was wont to hang every sin and shortcoming.) He would go and look up Patsy, and they would take a drive to the Falls of Montmorenci—the fresh September air would liven him up. But no Patsy was to be found! She was not in her rooms, nor on the terrace, nor at the hotel book-stall, nor at any of the places where she was usually to be found. Most extraordinary! Tom searched the parlors and looked into the near shops—but all to no avail. When an hour, and then two,

went by and still no Patsy, Tom's liver grew very bad. He was most indignant that she should leave the house without telling him, and this long absence was unpardonable. How did she know but he might worry? Hang it all, he *should* worry if she did not come soon.

But it was after their usual lunch-hour before she appeared—driving up to the door in a *calèche* with a fine smile upon her face and a big basket of fruit beside her. Tom stood twirling his moustache in the doorway, and scowling very savagely as she tripped up the steps.

“Have you been lonesome?” she asked serenely.

“Where have you been?” Tom demanded.

“Well, I don't really quite know,” she said, smiling, “it was somewhere way up the St. Louis Road. It got very dull, all alone, so I went for a walk, and I met a man—a nice *old* man, you know, and he saw I was a stranger, and he invited me to his house.”

“For God's sake, Patsy!” exclaimed Tom, excitedly, “don't you know better than to go prowling about a strange city alone! You see in what unpleasant situations you are apt to land!”

“But, Tom, it wasn't unpleasant,” said Patsy blandly, “I had a very good time.”

“You don't mean you talked to this impudent scoundrel?”

"Talked to him!—why, of course I did—the whole morning."

"Where?"

"At his house."

"You *went* to his house!"

"How beautiful you are when you are angry," said Patsy, contemplatively. "Your face gets very white and your eyes gleam like a tiger's—you look like a Roman emperor! But there is nothing to be angry *about*!"

"Nothing to be angry about,—that my wife makes acquaintance with strange men on the street and goes to visit them at their homes!" fumed Tom.

"Please say *man* and *home*—it was only one man and one home—and he was a dear old gentleman with silvery hair, and he lives in one of those big square houses I wanted to see, on the St. Louis Road, and he has a wife with silvery corkscrew curls, who gave me all this fruit, and the house is *lovely*, with unexpected rooms on half-stories that you never would find if you weren't told they were there; and at the back of the house is the biggest sort of a garden, where everything *that ever grew* is planted!" and Patsy paused for want of breath.

"I don't care if it was Methuselah and his wife," said Tom, "and if they dwell in a marble palace; I simply will not have you going about alone, nor mak-

ing chance acquaintances. You might fall in with the very worst sort of people ;—that you did not, this time, was simply sheer luck.”

Patricia’s countenance clouded.

“ I am not a baby, Tom,” she said. “ I know a gentleman from a tramp.”

“ You may know a gentleman from a tramp, but you cannot always detect a villain when he wears a gentleman’s garb and manner, I’m thinking.”

“ I don’t see what you want to spoil it all for,” said Patsy, dolefully. “ I had such a lovely time, and so much to tell you, and now you’re so cross it’s *all* spoiled.”

“ Well, understand, please, that you are not to go out of the house again, except on the Terrace here, without informing me,” said Tom, airily.

Patricia started across the hall to the elevator, without deigning any reply.

“ Will you be down immediately ? ” he asked, overtaking her.

“ No.”

“ It is the luncheon hour, you are aware ? ”

“ I do not wish any lunch.”

“ I must insist upon your eating some.”

Patricia stepped into the elevator without reply. Tom followed.

“ Now, look here, Patricia,” he said, as they went

into their rooms, "we will have an understanding, right now. Do you, or do you not, intend to obey me?"

"I do not," she answered, angrily.

"Then the sooner we part the better," in a fine temper.

"As you like. I have *never* been ordered about by *any one*—and I will not take orders from *you*. If you *asked* me not to do a thing, I would probably do as you ask, but I'll not be commanded by *any one living*—especially in so absurd a way! I have done nothing for you to find fault with," said Patsy in a rage.

"We do not agree as to that."

"Very well; as you say, it is better to part."

"I do not say it is better to part if you will show me proper deference——"

"Well, I won't!" said Patricia, with much spirit. "I'm not going to school to you, and you are not my clergyman;—*I am your wife*, on an equal plane with you, not to be patronized or bullied, but to be treated with the same respect you exact from me. So, if it is your notion that you are a superior sort of being whom I must bow down before, you might as well know I will do nothing of the sort. I prefer to pack my trunks and leave you and—I will go at once."

Tom looked at his watch.

"You will have to endure my society for a few hours

longer," he said ; "there seems to be no train leaving just now. I am sorry you decide as you do. I think you make a mistake. It is a wife's place to consult her husband in all things and obey his word. I believe you promised to do something of the sort when we were married."

"One *has* to *say* it," said Patricia furiously ; "but only the most *despotic* man would take advantage of words that are a mere form."

"And you consider our marriage vows a mere waste of words ? I thought so myself, at the time !"

Patricia grew pale to the very lips, and swayed as if about to fall.

"Patsy, I beg your pardon," said Tom, contritely, leading her to a chair. "I am sorry ! I did not mean it."

"I want to go away," said Patricia, plaintively, "I want to go away."

Tom came to her and led her to a chair.

"I am very sorry I spoke so discourteously," he said, stiffly. "You shall go if you wish ; but I prefer you shall wait until to-morrow. We have both been angry, and said things we did not mean. Do not let us part in such a way. To-morrow we can talk the matter over calmly, and if then you wish to go, I will not oppose you. Will you drive with me out to the Montmorenci Falls this afternoon ?"

"No, I think not."

"Very well. I will return before dinner."

When he had closed the door, she threw herself upon the bed in a torrent of tears. A dainty lunch, ordered by Tom, came up to her, but she sent it away almost untouched,—a benefit to the stomach of the young man who served her.

And so this was the end of it all—the end of the honeymoon—the happy holiday! *This* was Tom's love! Already he regretted!

She dressed herself carefully for dinner in the little Dresden silk in which she had been married. Tom was ostentatiously civil. He ordered her favorite Burgundy, told her about his drive to the falls, and conscientiously strove to interest her. She answered him quietly, even gently, but always indifferently—and looking the other way.

He stayed below stairs after dinner, while she went to her room and read the romance of Quebec, "The Golden Dog." That is she tried to read, but the attempt was not so successful as to keep her up long—and after she went to bed she had cried a little.

Tom smoked awhile and visited the bar, and smoked some more, and returned to the bar, and finally went upstairs, much out of sorts. He had done his best to be amiable, he felt, and Patsy would have none of it. He was sorry he had been disagreeable in the morning,

but hadn't she worried him to death! And then his liver was in a bad way!

Patsy feigned slumber when he lay down beside her. Memories of the summer gone floated in to her memory. The dinners at Old Vienna, the long evenings on the lagoon, the cruise of the *Mariquita*—! The hot tears welled up into her eyes.

Tom was roused by her stifled sobbing, just as he was falling asleep.

"What under the sun is the matter now, Patricia?" he demanded, impatiently.

"I do—not—know," said Patricia, tearfully.

"Well, do stop it, till you *do* know," he said irritably, "or dam it up till morning. It is devilish annoying to be waked up out of a sound slumber with the bed shaking like a ship at sea!"

Patricia buried her face deep in the pillows where no sound could be heard, but the bed was jarred, now and then, by the violence of her emotion.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Tom, "*will* you stop shaking the bed?"

A little sniveling sound was the only reply.

Tom turned his back to her, and soon after was breathing heavily, but Patricia cried on.

"*Stop* shaking the bed," he muttered once again, and then a long-drawn snore informed her that she and her tears and her griefs were forgotten!

“Oh,” she moaned, “if he had only kissed me, and put his arms about me, and promised to be kinder to me! But the only thing he cared for was not to be disturbed—it did not matter to him a bit if he broke my heart; the only thing he cared for was a chance to sleep—and snore!”

CHAPTER XVII.

“Can any new experience in any life be merely temporary, leaving no result behind it? I doubt it.”—D. M. CRAIK.

OF course they made it all up, just as they did many another mad moment. Each awoke penitent—each apologized—each forgave. Patsy said it was all her silly nerves, and Tom laid the blame on his liver—and when it is recalled how feeble a portion of his anatomy Mr. Pell had always asserted this poor liver to be, it is amazing what burdens he considered it able to endure.

He was sorry he had been cross about Patsy's call upon the perfectly proper gentleman with the silvery hair and the vast vegetable garden; but he had been so worried over her unusual absence, and that—(combined with his liver) ——!

And Patsy had duly declared herself a sinner not to have told Tom she was leaving the hotel for a promenade; but really, she had never thought of being away many minutes—it was only a few blocks she had *meant* to go—and then the lovely old gentleman, with the lovely old mansion, had appeared, and Tom

knew how she had *longed* to see the interior of one of those big, fine dwellings—and she had thought it no harm to go—if it was wrong, she was *sorry*.

And Tom had kissed her and said it had been no harm at all, he was ashamed to have made a mountain out of a mole-hill; but he must admit he thought it rather unkind of her to have that abominable crying spell just as he was falling into a very pleasant slumber—would it often occur?

“Oh, no! *never* again,” said Patsy. She had been moping all the afternoon, and felt so very sorry for herself she could no longer restrain the tears. Tom could have no *idea* how badly her nerves behaved at times—she simply lost all control of herself, and *could not* be rational if she tried.

And Tom sympathized; it must be as bad to have nerves, he admitted, as to be possessed of one of those infernal internals called a liver!

And so this fierce little flame, that had threatened to consume them, burned itself out, and the smoke thereof scattered away; *but smoke smuts*, and just enough of the soot descended upon them to leave a little mark—a dark, ugly mark—in the memory—a smear that even Time might not obliterate!

It was their last day in Quebec before starting on their tour to the North, and they devoted it to the old curiosity shops in the Lower City, picking up quaint

souvenirs to carry away, and climbing break-neck stairs, for the last time, in the true tourist spirit of adventure.

Then came their departure for Roberval, two hundred miles to the north, which they reached by a day's journey on the railway.

"Returning, we go to Chicoutimi, and there get the Saguenay steamer," said Tom, studying an assortment of folders. "We will make stops at Tadousac, Cacouna, and Rivière du Loup. We may remain some time at Tadousac; they tell me there's a very good hotel at the place, beautiful scenery, and air—the very elixir of existence!"

"Then, there's Murray Bay," said Patricia.

"We will skip Murray Bay," said Tom. "I know some English people who are stopping there."

"I should think we would *not* skip Murray Bay, then, that you would like to see them!"

"You forget that it might be awkward to explain *you*!"

"*Oh!*" said Patsy, with an odd little intonation.

"I would hardly wish my marriage announced in England before I had had the courtesy to inform my relatives, you know."

"And suppose we did meet some one—what would *you* allow them to think me?"

"I would allow them to think you a casual acquaint-

ance—if I could; seeing two people about a hotel, together, does not necessarily argue that they are occupying one apartment.”

“ But if your friends consulted the register? ”

“ I really don’t see how I could avoid introducing you in that event.”

“ But you would be sorry to ! ”

“ I should be sorry to ! ”

“ Why did you marry me? ”

“ To make you happy, I hope.”

“ Your own happiness did not enter into the question? ”

“ My dear Lady Patricia, there is only one train a day to Roberval, and that is leaving in just fifteen minutes, do you care to be aboard? ”

Patricia pinned on her smart little travelling *toque*, tossed her cape over her arm, and followed Tom out to the *porte cochère*, where their favorite *calèche*, driven by one Bill Sullivan, awaited them. There were tears in her eyes, but she dashed them away, and wished she could dash away as easily the hurt in her heart. To be a wife—yet not a wife—was not the sweetest situation in the world! Must it be so, *forever*, she wondered. Were her faults so much greater than his that he felt ashamed to acknowledge her? Why does a woman always idealize the man she loves, she questioned, while the man subjects the woman he pro-

fesses to adore to "keen, critical dissection?" The woman looks upon her lover's virtues with the small end of the opera glass before her eye; but if his faults become visible, she whirls the glass about. Man reverses the process—magnifying the woman's faults, and accepting her virtues with a grain of doubt. He has no sympathy with her weaknesses—they are blemishes to him, while a man's very faults often endear him to the woman who loves him. There is a strain of mother-love in us all; we would have our arms big and strong, and our heart brave, to encompass and shield and encourage one who is dear.

Patricia was not very talkative this morning, her head was filled with these puzzling problems—but Tom ignored her silence and told her of the places they were about to visit. How Roberval was nearly two-thirds of the distance from New York to Hudson's Bay, on the shores of the Lake St. John, and only very recently accessible.

"About two years ago, dear," he told her, "you could only reach Roberval by a birch bark-canoe, or by a narrow pathway blazed through the woods by the Indians. There was nothing there but an Indian settlement, the Hudson Bay trading-post, and a river full of fish. Then the railway was extended to Roberval, and an enterprising American put up a summer hotel, and Canadians and Americans are flocking there to

catch the ouananiche. I fancy it must be a very primitive place, but if it is too bad to be endurable we can go on to Chicoutimi, and if that is likewise impossible, it is but a few hours to Tadousac.

“*Tadousac! Tadousac!*” how often they were told of its beauties. To all discomforts they buoyed up one another with the promised Tadousac! This was tedious, or that was more than bad, but never mind, they were nearing Tadousac! That was their Mecca, their *Carcassonne!* *There* they would find all that was good; they would feed their starving stomachs and rest upon beds of down—at *Tadousac!*

It was a tedious trip to Roberval. The train lagged along through the flat, uninhabited country, seldom stopping, and seeming to appreciate that the entire track was at its disposal. At noon they stopped at a small station for lunch—a repast neither Patsy nor Tom were able to entertain the thought of eating, the principal elements of the edibles being onions, garlic, and grease.

“Dear, dear!” said Patsy, “why didn’t we bring a lunch from the Frontenac!”

“I wish you had thought of it,” lamented Tom.

“But you should have thought of it. You know so much more about travelling than I.”

“Are we going to fight about it?” asked Tom. “I am sorry you must go hungry till night, but if you think

of devouring *me*, perhaps I had better remove myself to the smoker!"

Patsy put her hand over upon his.

"Thank you," she said. "I was just going to be cross. I am glad you stopped me, but it *is* depressing to be hungry!"

"Suppose we play bezique," suggested Tom, "it may take our thoughts away from our suffering stomachs."

"Yes, that would be better than playing Kilkenny cats—

"There were once two cats of Kilkenny,
And each thought there was one cat too many,
So they fought and they fit,
And they scratched and they bit,
Till, except for their nails,
And the tips of their tails,
Instead of two cats there weren't any,"

quoted Patricia, with an attempt at gayety. And all the afternoon she did her best to be companionable; she no longer sulked or complained, though her head was splitting and her heart very heavy. She played bezique, and related amusing anecdotes of life in Schuylerville, and the last half of the journey passed much more pleasantly than the first.

The Roberval Hotel is a not unattractive wooden structure, with small closets, called rooms, neatly and ascetically furnished. There is a music-room, a billiard-

room, a bowling-alley, and a bar, so you see it is something pretentious. The bowling-alleys, to be sure, had some peculiar slants at one side, or the other, so you could not be too confident where your ball would arrive; and the cloth on the billiard-tables had an occasional puncture; but as nearly every one came to fish, these small defects in amusement devices were overlooked and forgiven. As for the bar, well, if you wanted a mixed drink, it was well to prepare it yourself, else you got a mixture that only the throat of a salamander could conquer!

In the grounds about was a tennis-court and a croquet-ground; and in a pen, at the back of the house, were two cunning baby bears, caught in the forests near, whom every one fed and teased and romped with, till the poor little things were half dead with fatigue *and dyspepsia*.

"I like it," said Patsy the first night, when appetite transformed the simple dinner into a banquet, and weariness made *any* bed a luxurious resting spot.

"There is nothing to eat here, but ouananiche," she declared the second day; "however, those are very good, so we need not complain yet."

"I am tired of ouananiche," she announced on the third morning, "and I am black and blue from sleeping on the bricks I suspect my mattress has been stuffed with; let us go away. I am glad we came, you know.

for I like to see it all, but I will also be glad to go!"

"And you have seen enough?"

"Why, we have seen everything here, I think; the village, the Indians, the trading-post, and the church; have helped supply the table with ouananiche, and served as assistant-bartenders! There is no more to see or do!"

"Then we will push on toward Tadousac," said Tom. "I will engage our sleeper, and then teach you how to manage a cue."

The journey from Roberval to Chicoutimi occupies about three hours by rail. The train leaves soon after six in the evening, the exact moment depending upon when the conductor completes his evening meal.

Arriving at Chicoutimi, those passengers who are going further remain over night in the sleeping-car, going aboard the Saguenay steamer, in the morning, in season for breakfast. The sleeping-car berths are said to be preferable to the beds at the Chicoutimi inn, but Patsy would argue that question. She always insisted there *could* be nothing worse than the shelf she tried to slumber on in the train.

The passengers hurried down the hill from the Roberval Hotel, as the hour for leaving came. The car was well filled, others besides Tom and Patricia having eaten their fill of ouananiche. The engineer

was in his cab, and the baggage all aboard, but there was no sign of starting. The men grew restless and strolled out upon the platform, while the women wondered with each other *why* they did not go.

"Are we waiting for anything?" asked Tom.

"The conductor," said the man.

"And when will he come?"

"When he likes," said the brakeman.

But just then the conductor appeared in view, sauntering over the crest of the hill, nonchalantly puffing away at a blackened clay-pipe; and when he had arrived he stood about the platform with no apparent intention of starting.

"Why h'in 'ell don't you start your train, my mon?" demanded an irate old Englishman.

"We are awaiting Mr. X.," civilly replied the conductor, removing the pipe from his mouth, to more conveniently empty it of saliva.

"An' 'oo h'in the *davil* may Mr. *H'ex* be?" inquired the first speaker.

"He is the superintendent of the road," said the man, with a pitying smile for the old man's ignorance.

"Then, h'it h'is h'a dom shame 'e carnot set h'a better *h'exarmple*!" blustered the Englishman, and stalked back to the train in disgust.

But Mr. X. came; the conductor swung his lantern, the bell rang and the whistle blew, and away they

started to Chicoutimi at not much past the hour of seven ; and, as Tom complacently argued, since it was the only train upon the track, and since they had the whole night to stay in the station at the other end, what did it really matter how long they were delayed at this end of the route. For his part he would as soon start at midnight.

“ But that would not suit, perhaps, the people who want to stay at Chicoutimi, or stop off at intermediate points,” said Patsy, “ and if we had known we were to start so late we could have played another string of billiards, you know ! I must write Honora how proficient I have become. I don’t believe *she* could make a run , of five, do you ? ”

“ Only Slosson or Shaefer could play against you, dear,” smiled Tom.

“ H’its h’a dom quare way for h’a troffic monoger to cut h’up,” growled the old Englishman, in front of them, “ ’e’d soon lose ’is job ’ad h’I the say ! ”

Patricia smiled sympathetically, and Tom found the old fellow sufficiently amusing to enter into some conversation with him ; he, too, it seemed, was bound for Tadousac.

“ There’s nothing like h’it, sir, h’in h’all Canada, h’I’m told ; h’it’s h’a perfect h’Eden, h’I’ve ’eard, h’all h’along ! ”

Patsy did not complain that night that her mattress

was stuffed with bricks, but she did mention to Tom that she thought it had no stuffing at all.

She did not rest well, and awoke at daylight. Horrors! how close and stifling the car seemed. She would dress and get out into the air, and see how Chicoutimi looked in the early morning. So she hurried into her clothes and tip-toed down to the door, not to wake the other sleepers. And the door was locked! She retraced her steps to the other end. There was no escape—both doors were fastened, and there was no conductor within to unlock them.

She sat down disconsolate in an empty section. Oh, but this was not pleasant at all! She was very hungry too, for they had dined early at Roberval the night before to be at the train in season.

Well, there was nothing to do but endure it. This journeying in Canada had its discomforts—but they were over the worst now, for would they not, that *very day*, dine in *Tadousac*!

CHAPTER XVIII.

“To the old, sorrow is sorrow ; to the young, sorrow is despair.”

PATRICIA had a chance to remain hungry for some time, as the boat was late, and it was nearly noon before it arrived. Their fellow-traveller, the Englishman, informed them that breakfast at the Chicoutimi Inn was a meal “h’a dog couldn’t h’anny ’ow h’eat ;” so they made their morning meal on fruit and whisky—the former bought from a small boy at the station, and the liquid found in Tom’s flask—then started to explore the town—a town of poor little wooden hovels, some with only one room to live in, but with picturesque vines clambering over the rough boards, and with neatly-kept gardens within the small enclosures. And in the midst of it all, perched high on a hill, was a church. Tom and Patsy wandered in.

“Oh !” said Patricia, standing amazed upon the threshold, “how *beautiful* it is !”

For on the walls were paintings of extraordinary beauty ; exquisitely carved images stood in the chancel ; illuminated texts and a silver font added to the mag-

nificence everywhere apparent, and the altar cloth was rich with gold.

“ It is wicked,” said Patricia, indignantly.

“ Wicked ? ” said Tom, in a puzzled tone.

“ Yes, positively *wicked*,” repeated Patricia. “ Here are these poor, ignorant people, evidently struggling for existence, saving every possible cent they can spare to build a splendid church and support a lazy priest ! What a horrible God they believe in ! One who would have them go naked and hungry to build a monument to His glory ! ”

“ I have seen so much of this across the water it did not impress me. They are a superstitious people—the peasantry of all nations—and I presume the belief in sins expiated by sacrifice goes a long way to comfort them for their empty stomachs and ragged backs. And many of the priests are not lazy, dear, they have a hard life—there are the dead to bury, the living to marry, the children to teach, daily services to conduct. Among the poor priesthood is no sinecure.”

“ I’ll warrant they don’t go hungry,” said Patricia.

“ I don’t see how they can escape it,” laughed Tom, “ in this land of famine. I know *I* haven’t had a square meal since I left Quebec. If you think the priests have something, dear, let us go and beg for a bite.”

“ I really believe you would have the face to do it,”

said Patsy, "but luckily you will not have the occasion, for there is the steamer in sight. I'll race you for it down the hill."

But Tom had not lost all sense of dignity, even if he had been something of a boy for the past few weeks, so he ignored the invitation, and leisurely followed Patsy's flying feet.

She arrived, breathless, at the wharf, just as the passengers who had come north were disembarking, and sat down upon a barrel-head till Tom should come. There were the usual lot of tourists crowding up the pier, not many of them of any especial interest. A man with five daughters, all with chignons of enormous size, and necks the length of a stork's, came by in a flock together, with a pompous-looking mother bringing up the rear. They had just passed her when she heard Tom's voice in its most dignified drawl. "Why, my dear Lady Rivington," he was saying, "whatever are you doing in this remote land?"

There was a chorus of "*Miss-ter Pell!*" and a bedlam of interrogations as to however *he* arrived in these northern wilds. Then followed mutual explanations—the Rivingtons were taking the round trip on the river, simply an excursion. They were not stopping over anywhere—no—the boat stayed an hour in every place, which gave them time to see the towns, and they had heard the hotels were so bad they were

not risking their digestions by stopping in them. Tom then related that he was trying to atone for his former neglect of the continent he was born upon by "doing the whole place," and, wishing to be original, he had begun at the top—not every fellow knew enough to start there—and, so far as he could see, they were wise; he expected a better time lower down in the American universe!

Patsy learned from the conversation that the Papa was Sir Thomas, and that one of the young ladies was named Blanche, and another Beatrice—both names being pronounced with a French accent—or rather, I should say, the names were Gallicised, with an *English* accent.

The barrel-head was getting very hard, and her back was weary sitting so uncompromisingly upright, but Patsy felt glued to the spot. The young ladies bridled and simpered and blushed. Sir Thomas seemed overpoweringly glad to see his friend Pell, and Lady Rivington proposed that he show them the town. "We have wasted half our time talking with you," she said, "and now you owe it to us to show us about."

Tom glanced at Patricia sitting on the bulkhead. She was staring at him with gloomy eyes. Then he turned and walked up the pier with Lady Rivington, Sir Thomas and his daughters following after.

Patricia watched them climb the hill, then slowly

arose and went aboard the boat, where she asked at the purser's office for a stateroom, registering "Mrs. Thomas Pell, New York."

Tom cursed himself for a cowardly cad all the way up the hill to the church. But they had come upon him so unexpectedly, he argued, that he was at a loss what to do. Now it would be more awkward than ever to present an unheard-of Mrs. Pell. Yet here they all were, bound to travel on the same boat for several hours; hang it, but it was a *damned* awkward position! He wished to the good Lord the Rivingtons were in Jerusalem or Patricia in Jericho! But he discoursed learnedly upon the church and the convent—discussed annexation with Sir Thomas and the deserving poor with Lady Rivington; pressed the hand of Miss Beatrice as he helped her over a stile, causing a soft rose-shade to suffuse her sallow countenance, and told one of the smaller girls anecdotes about the baby bears at Roberval; and after what seemed about the longest hour of his life, they were at the wharf again and aboard the steamer.

And from one end to the other he searched for Patsy, after seating the Rivingtons upon deck;—from stern to keel he hunted—and all in vain. The steamer had started, so he could not go back to look for her in the village,—where he began to fear she had stayed. Deuce take the little fool! Did she suppose

she was going to tie him down to her apron-strings! Was his liberty just a yard long! Did she think she could girdle him with a chain, and yank him this way and that! Because he had been consummate ass enough to marry her had he not a right to promenade with his friends? Well, he'd mighty well take the nonsense out of her! He would let her understand, once and forever, that he should always conduct himself exactly as *he* saw fit, and when his actions were not agreeable to her, she had the very simple remedy of a short residence in Dakota,—and freedom forevermore.

Meanwhile, his stomach was fast growing to his back, and instead of searching for Patsy, he would do well to forage for food, he announced unto himself.

Above, in her stateroom, Patsy had flung herself into her berth, and was weeping her heart away. Breakfast did not occur to her now. She was no longer hungry. She had a sad headache, but it did not matter! Tom did not love her—so how could it matter about anything else! This was *not* being married; This being ignored and humiliated and shut away in the corner—she could not bear it—she *could not bear it* any more! She burst into a fresh paroxysm of weeping, and so violent was her sobbing that she did not hear a tapping at the door.

It having finally occurred to Mr. Pell that Patricia might have shut herself away in a stateroom, he was

not very long in discovering her. Receiving no answer to his knock, he walked in and drew a chair up beside her, and when she looked up at the sound, she was startled to see him sitting so near coolly regarding her.

“I—I can’t help crying,” she piteously exclaimed.

“You seem to find a great deal of comfort in it,” he said, in an interested tone. “I’m sure it must be very pleasant. Cry as hard and as loud as you can, then you will get the most good out of it; that’s right—no, don’t mind me, I will not complain since you enjoy it. Don’t stop; keep right on, it shows your lungs are good, when you can whimper so long without drawing a breath; but, I say, that squeal was a little loud. I want you to have a real nice crying time, if it suits you, but don’t let’s get the steamer people to inquire what it’s all about, for I’m blessed if I know, and you seem too occupied to stop for conversation. Did you ever hear a cow bellowing for a turnip on the other side of the fence? No? Well, if you could cry and listen at the same time——”

Patricia sprang from the berth and threw herself on her knees beside him, burying her face in his coat. “Don’t!” she implored him. “I cannot help it that I have a heart! It is not my *fault* that I love you! I cannot help it that I suffer when I may not know your friends; I am not a God to reconstruct myself; I can-

not pluck out all my feelings and trample them under foot just because I would ; I cannot be less sensitive because *you* would have me callous—I am just *I*—Patricia—who cannot be different—I love you ; and you *hurt* me ; *let me cry !* ” She reached her arms up and twined them tightly about his neck, weeping more softly, tired with the violence of her emotion. He unclasped her hands, and raised her to his knees, spreading a handkerchief over his shoulder for her wet face.

“ *I was* letting you cry, wasn't I ? ” he asked in a gentler tone ; “ but if you wouldn't mind crying on the handkerchief. I don't want my coat to look as though I had fallen overboard, you know ! And when you are sufficiently calm could you tell me what it's all about ? ”

They were nearly at Tadousac before Mr. Pell rejoined the Rivingtons, for Patsy had been somewhat difficult to pacify, but when he had appealed to her sense of honor, demanding if it was *fair* she should make such a scene, being fully informed, at the time of the marriage, that it was to be kept a secret, and making no complaint of the arrangement then, whether it was fair, under the circumstances, to raise such a rattling row, with true womanlike surrender, she declared herself in the wrong, begged to be forgiven, and agreed to all Tom had to suggest. Which sugges-

tions were, namely, that she should get into the stage-coach at Tadousac, and go to the hotel, while he made the tour of the town with the Rivingtons, joining her at the hotel, as soon as ever he had them back at the steamer.

And it was in this unhappy fashion that Mr. and Mrs. Pell arrived in Tadousac. Tadousac with its wide, blue bay, and its towering hills, its superb scenery and exhilarating atmosphere ; long-anticipated Tadousac where comfort and joy were to abound, “the *h'Eden h'of Canada!*”

CHAPTER XIX.

“Is anything so good as it seems beforehand?”—GEORGE ELIOT.

PATRICIA made no haste to land. She smoothed her dishevelled tresses, fluffed a powder-puff, laden with “Orchid Beauty,” over her tear-stained countenance, and tucked a clean ‘kerchief in her frock front, being minus a pocket wherein to bestow it.

Then she went leisurely ashore, creeping cautiously over the very uneven planks of which the wharf was composed, and climbed into the rickety little stage on the landing.

Tom was just disappearing from view in a most dilapidated barouche, in which Sir Thomas and Lady Rivington, and Miss Rivington were also seated, the remaining daughters following after, in a vehicle every whit as disreputable.

It was a pretty village, the town of Tadousac, with picturesque cottages scattered over the land, reached by narrow gravelled paths, bordered by box bushes.

There were valleys, sweet with the scent of lilac and honeysuckle—the flowers are backward in the north—

and hills that seemed a slice of the earth on end, so amazingly steep were they.

Patsy took a tighter grasp of the side of the wagonette as they started down one frightful declivity.

"I am rather afraid," she remarked to the driver.

"*Be not* afraid," said he reassuringly, "there *is* no danger to be had."

Patsy smiled at his eccentric English, but drew a happier breath when they landed safely at the foot, and the muscular little Frenchman guided his horses about the curve, bringing them up with a fine sweep before the Tadousac Inn.

The Tadousac Inn was low and broad and white. There was a piazza, all the length of it, ornamented by green settees. Behind it rose the hills covered with foliage, and before it spread the bay; from afar, the little structure seemed a small white shell dropped upon the sands.

Patricia looked admiringly about. Oh, it was true. Tadousac *was* beautiful, and the Inn looked quaintly homelike.

When she had explained that her husband was taking some friends about the town and would presently join her, but she was so fatigued that she had come ahead, a middle-aged "bell-boy" ushered her up the stairway and into the apartment reserved for them.

Patricia carefully closed the door and leaned up against the wall, as she surveyed the scene. Then she sank plump upon the floor, and laughed till her sides ached. How Tom would *rave*, when he arrived! What a very tempest he would be in! And there was no help for it, there they must stay, not another boat left that day!

The room was large, with a low ceiling, slanting yet lower at one side. The painted floor was bare; (in spots, even the paint had departed); except for a few rag-rugs, much worn, thrown here and there. The bed, in one corner, was roughly made, all humps and hillocks from head to foot, with two diminutive feather pillows, the size of a pincushion, at the head. There were two bureaux, somewhat wobbly, from the castors not being all there, and a bit deficient in knobs and keys. The long wash-stand held two crockery bowls and pitchers; and nails, driven in the wall, were to atone for the absence of closet and wardrobe! Two upright wooden chairs completed the furnishing. And *this* was the *comfort* at Tadousac!

Tom paused on the threshold half an hour later, when he opened the door in answer to Patsy's feeble "Come!"

She was still sitting on the floor, leaning against the wall, her arms akimbo, and her head fallen dejectedly upon one side.

"I can't laugh any more," she said, wearily. "I've laughed till I'm quite dead! I'm too tired to look at you, but I know just the expression you are wearing, and that in a moment you will begin to break this lovely furniture into kindling wood, but, first, would you kindly help me into one of those soft little chairs?"

Absolute silence reigned for a moment, then the door closed, and she heard Tom's footsteps echoing down the hall.

"Tom!" she called, flying to the door. "*Please* Tom," running after him, "don't leave *me*. Where are you going?"

"I am going to inquire when I can get away," he answered, grimly.

"Well, please take *me*, I cannot stay shut up there, it will give me the shudders! Perhaps, somewhere, there are better rooms!"

"I doubt it."

"Of course, we cannot expect anything sumptuous, and private parlors and private baths are out of the question, but it would seem as though one might expect a decent bed!"

Tom went into the office, and Patsy wandered over to the tiny church across the way. It was a historic little edifice, some thirty feet long—a single story, with a belfry upon the top—and was erected by the Jesuit Fathers in 1747. Within are some rare old relics.

Some wooden candlesticks roughly carved with a knife—centuries old, it is said—stand upon a table in the sacristy ; and in a glass case is preserved a wax-figure representing the Infant Jesus, sent by Louis XIV. to the Jesuit Priests, when the church was built. He is richly apparelled in crimson satin, and wears mocassins upon his feet, which latter it must be supposed the Indians added to the Holy Child's attire—as it hardly seems as if they could have come out of France.

Tom joined her as she went out into the churchyard, where the inscriptions on the weather-stained crosses were many of them quite effaced.

“ Well, we can get away to-morrow,” he said, quite cheerily. “ There are only four boats a week away from here, and we have had the great good luck to land here on the *only* day that a boat leaves on the day following. That gives me an appetite for dinner, which I believe is now being served. Shall we go and discover just how bad a repast it will be ? ”

It is not my purpose to describe at length the extraordinary discomforts of Tadoussac. There is hardly a more beautiful spot on the globe, but one cannot fill the stomach upon scenery ; there never was a more bracing air, but one cannot make a mattress of the atmosphere ! When dinner was found to be a meal relegated to the hour of noon, and a cold supper was set before them, that night, Tom declared he was

going back to Quebec to thrash the man that sent him there ! When he hunted in vain for a smooth spot in the bed to rest upon, thrashing was too good for that man ; he should be drawn and quartered. And when they were kept awake half the night by the unearthly yells of drunken revellers below, one of whom was finally borne from the house by four fellow-roisterers, laid upon a grave in the churchyard, and tied by the feet to a tombstone, Mr. Pell declared that death was too fine a fate for the man in Quebec ; he should keep him alive *and torture him !*

Breakfast, consisting of ancient meats in a lake of fat, sent them hurrying from the table, and Tom compassionately took Patsy with him to the bar, it being empty at the moment. The young man behind, greeted them cordially, and mixed the drinks with a practiced hand, while he vigorously chewed a cud of tobacco. From time to time, he spat the juice from his mouth, behind, or over the bar, as it suited him ; but so agile and adept was he in these expectorations that he widely cleared the glass on each occasion, to Tom's infinite relief. When the drinks were ready, though, Patsy had vanished. Tom found her on the step outside.

“ Don't you want your cocktail, dear ? ” he asked.

“ No-o,” she said, tearfully. “ I don't want it ! I want to go back to New York ! ”

Two very weary and hungry tourists boarded the steamer leaving Tadousac that afternoon.

"Do you suppose Basil and Isabel March stopped here?" asked Tom, as the steamer swung out from the wharf.

"No. They didn't," said Patsy, meekly. "They had the good sense to turn back at Quebec! Please don't tease me, Tom, I'm having just as horrid a time as you are!"

"Those lovely little French villages in the Saguenay!" quoted Tom, unkindly.

"They *sound* lovely in books!" mourned Patsy.

"Well, the next time you desire to explore the country, dear, kindly get some books on the locality you are interested in, and travel through *them*, and let that satisfy you. I don't think this tour can be called a howling success! Thank the Lord, it's about over, though; we'll land in Quebec to-morrow, and take the night train for Montreal. Now, I'll run down and get our stateroom, and then we'll see about supper; I had a fairly decent lunch on board coming from Chicoutimi, so I am in hopes we will get something eatable to-night."

But Tom had reckoned without his host when he announced their journey so near at an end; every stateroom was taken, and there was nothing for it but to get off at *Rivière du Loup* for the night, where, after

all, they fared fairly well, and drove to Cacouna in the morning, a very popular Canadian resort. There were groups of ladies upon the piazza, all engaged in embroidery or crochet. In the parlors, ladies were assembled in little groups, listening to the band music, and they, too, were most industriously engaged with knitting or needle-work; a few young men were lounging about with tennis-rackets or golf-sticks in their hands, and older men were reading the papers.

Patsy sat down on the gallery, while Tom took a walk about. There were two elderly women sitting near her, and a young girl.

"Indeed, Constance," one was saying, "you must really be more careful with whom you talk, it is a very serious thing for a young girl to be seen with Mrs. Ponsonby."

"Why?" asked the girl. She had clear gray eyes and a direct way of looking at one.

"Her history will not bear telling," said the first speaker. "It is sufficient that I forbid you to talk to her."

"But if one has been wrong and repents," argued the girl, "and God forgives them, why shouldn't we?"

"The woman with a past is a woman without a future," said the elder woman, austerely. "Do not argue with me, but let me see you no more with Mrs. Ponsonby. Now you may go."

The girl bowed, and went down the walk where one of the young men with a tennis-racket awaited her.

"Constance is so hard to control," sighed the lady, who had been speaking, "she has such strange, unlady-like notions, I cannot conceive how she comes by them. Ah! there is Mr. Fletcher, he treats his wife most hideously; always calling her *dear*, and showing her every attention, while in town he is prancing about with that little blonde Benson girl. I wonder his wife is so easily deceived by a few pet phrases. I should know that man was a sneak just to look at his face! And there's that poor little Mrs. Thomas, do you see Mr. Thomas down there in that shady corner with Mrs. Treat? They are *always* together—eat together, walk together, ride together, and his poor little meek-spirited wife comes and peers at them around the corner, and then goes back to her tatting alone."

Mr. and Mrs. Pell went by train that afternoon to Quebec, and glad and gay they were when they landed once more at the Frontenac, and lay down in a comfortable bed after a hearty supper. They slept the sleep of the satisfied, never waking till the sun was high in the heavens.

"Tom," said Mrs. Pell, "are you awake?"

"No!" said Tom, in a sleepy, but decided tone.

"Will you wake up, please?"

"No," he said, without opening his lazy eyes.

“ But I want you to answer me something.”

No answer.

“ Tom,” she said, softly, laying her cheek, close to his, “ are you bad, like the other men ? ”

Tom’s eyes opened in a stare.

“ Eh ? ” he said, with sleepy astonishment.

“ Would you deceive me, like all the other husbands do their wives ? ”

An amused smile spread over his countenance. He shut his eyes again, and snuggled his head down deeper into the pillow.

“ No, dear,” he answered her, as one already asleep again, “ never deceive you—course not.”

And then he turned over, and snugly settled himself for another nap.

CHAPTER XX.

“Nothing comes to us too soon, but sorrow.”—BAILEY.

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS PELL took a small apartment in a small hotel in upper New York for the winter. There were several matters, combined, which prevented their going abroad, at once, as they had intended; the main matter being a business venture on Wall Street, which Tom decided would require his constant oversight. It was one of those charming little ventures where you drop a nickel into the slot, press the button, and pull out a greenback—that is, if the button works! Billy Bancroft was the president of the affair, and would only let his friends into the combination; it was too good a thing to waste on the populace, who would never appreciate the kind turn done them. He let Tom in, and Teddy Page; and Tom was elected treasurer.

So he told Patsy that they would remain in the States till spring—whereat Mrs. Pell was most deeply disappointed. New York, which she had formerly regarded as a positive Paradise, she was sure would be

dull compared to the delights of Paris and Rome; and, then, it was so much longer till she saw dear Honora,—dear, sober-grown, preachy Honora—who nevertheless loved her, she felt, *as no one else did!* However, Tom assured her that they would go over in the spring, and if “the thing panned out as they anticipated,” she could have a better time there then, than now.

There were other inducements, also, which contributed to Mr. Pell’s decision to spend a winter at home. He had been welcomed very cordially by old college and family friends, and in his fancied desire to lead a more regular existence, he concluded these were the people to settle down among. He would take that place in society which was his, by birthright, attend to the details of his new business enterprises, and mould himself into a model citizen, generally. Later on, if he found that he and Patsy were hitting it off well together, he would introduce her to the proper circle and establish himself in a home—but there was time enough for that—never rush things, was *his* motto—never by any means do to-day that you can somehow postpone until the morrow.

So Mr. and Mrs. Pell, upon returning from their wedding trip, took a small suite of rooms at The Empress, which, as you know, is patronized by a select class of people, and is situated not far from the Park.

The aristocracy of the city, it is true, do not patronize its ball or its banquet room; but that may be because they have never heard of the place—as is possible—or, again, because of the inadequate size of these rout rooms. However, those people who abide at The Empress are of a very respectable class, and Tom decided it suited his purposes, and that there he would dwell. Being remote from social centres he was not apt to run across his friends and be compelled to introduce Patricia before it pleased him to do so; and the house being new and well built, with good plumbing and drainage, he need not worry about its healthfulness, as he should have done about some less modern domicile, in that part of town.

And when both a piano and an æolian had been placed in the drawing-room, some good engravings hung on the walls, and some silken things and cushions scattered where they should go, the modest little apartment looked very cozy and inviting, and Mr. Pell felt moved to compliment his wife upon its charmingly home-like appearance.

Patricia was pleased with it, too, and often remained indoors the whole day, reading, practicing, or studying. As the warm days of the Indian summer vanished away and the evenings became longer and chillier, Patsy would light the gas log, in the fireplace, when evening came, and watch with delight the warm

glow upon the bright-hued bolsters of the divan, the play of light upon the rugs and draperies, and think no one ever had such a dear, dainty home as she. Then Tom would enter and tell her it was a pretty picture for a tired fellow to come home to—and that she was the very sweetest of it all. And Patricia would cover his face with caresses, and fly for her little silver teaball and caddy of Formosa ; poor Tom ! who had to work so many hours in that tiresome old Street, he must have a good cup of tea, and it was his Patsy would make it for him !

Then Tom would fling himself upon the couch, with a sigh of weariness, and relate to her sympathizing ears that he had been “working like a dog,” while she brewed the tea, and chattered to him of how she had passed the day. And Patricia was happy.

At Tom’s request Mrs. Pell had commenced the cultivation of her voice, and a French demoiselle of Tom’s choosing passed an hour with her daily to perfect her in the French tongue. Tiring of her books and music she would wander out into the Park for a brisk walk, and there were occasional afternoons when Tom returned early enough to take her for a drive up the road. Of course, he could not often come so early though, for there was *the business*—(which, in truth, occupied every whit of six hours a week—the half hour it required daily to reach Bancroft’s office, where

he received what mail he did not get at the club, and the half hour it took to get back).

He had not thought it necessary to talk much about his social diversions to Patricia, the comprehensive word "business" being an easier explanation of his absences. When he dined out, he was dining at the Club; when he did not return until the "wee sma' hours," he had been *talking business* with "some people." He felt a little guilty at attending this function and that, and leaving Patricia in solitude. He met Thorn one day and asked him to go up to see her. "I fancy she gets lonesome," he said to his friend, "run up and have dinner with us some night—if I should happen to be out that evening, you can depend upon a welcome from Mrs. Pell."

When the hour would arrive for Tom's homecoming, and Patsy had carefully arrayed herself for the evening, she would sit near the window, watching—with her heart beating fast—when some one resembling him would leave the car; and when he really came at last, a wave of joy swept over her, and she would hurry to the door to be ready to greet him the instant he should knock. And when those days came when the hour went by, all too often, and another hour, and yet the next, and Tom did not come, her heart grew sad beyond the telling; she would send her dinner away untouched; the disap-

pointment was keen ; all the world had lost its gladness ; the wind whistling through the trees in the Park played a dirge.

“ If you knew, darling, how lonely the evenings are without you,” she would gently say, “ you would try not to leave me so much.” And Tom would answer impatiently, “ Would you keep me mewed up in four walls all the time ? I knew very well how it would be. The moment a man is married he must be forever chained to his own hearthstone. Now, I don’t intend to settle down into any humdrum old farmer yet awhile. I work hard all day, and if I want to spend the evening with my friends, or at the Club, I still consider it my privilege to do so.”

“ But—dear—*must* you—*so many* evenings ? I don’t want to keep you at home all the time—but lately you—you—hardly seem to be at home at all.”

“ Well, I am very sorry to discover that you are a woman with no resources within herself. With comfortable surroundings, all the latest books and magazines, your music and your French, one really would suppose you could amuse yourself for an evening. You must have a very shallow mind ! There, now, don’t begin to cry ! I never saw a woman cry so much as you do ! I expect you’ll drown me some day in your tears, and it’s not a nice way to lose me ! ”

Patricia started, and looked up piteously into his frown.

ing face. Was that a threat? *Could* she lose him? Would Tom ever leave her? She flung herself upon his breast with a cry. "Oh, Tom!" she sobbed. "*Don't* talk like that. I'm *sorry* I cry. I'm sorry I annoy you—but *forgive* me—forgive me *everything, always*, just as I will you—I could never bear it to have you stop loving me—if ever anything should come between you and me, it would drive me *mad!*"

Tom came home for dinner the night following and the next. He was touched by her worship. He took her to the theatre and then to a little supper. He was very good and kind and considerate, in his way, for all of a week; and yet, it was during this week that Patricia made a discovery—she awoke to the fact that Tom simply endured her caresses—if they were returned, it was so perfunctorily that it cut her to the soul!

In the exuberance of her own love she had not noticed his growing indifference. Because she had lavished the tenderest caresses upon him, in the fulness of her heart, she had *imagined* he caressed her in turn—she forgot that it was she who rushed to kiss him when he entered—she had not noticed that he never voluntarily took her in his arms now, and never told her that he loved her any more until one cruel night the truth confronted her.

Mr. Thorn had dined with them that evening. He had been very jolly and entertaining, and had told her

news of Annette, whom he had quite recently called upon, he said. But Patricia had been glad when he came to go. She longed to have Tom all to herself. She wanted to climb upon his knees and get close into his arms, and *be made love to*, and as she was thinking about it, all at once she remembered—yes, it was certainly true—she *could not* remember when Tom last said in words that he loved her! She only knew, all in a flash, that it was ever and ever so long ago.

She sat there, dully thinking, after Mr. Thorn had gone, lost in bitter retrospection, while the cigarette she held between her fingers smoked itself down until it scorched her finger-tips.

Tom was buried in the evening paper. So! he had not even noticed that she had not run to kiss him as usual the moment the door was closed.

“Tom!” she exclaimed suddenly, “do you love me?”

“M-m-m-m!” said Tom, cheerfully, without taking his eyes off the paper.

“Well, say so!” she said coaxingly, bending forward eagerly, as she moved her chair nearer to his.

But Tom was very much absorbed in the stock reports. He apparently did not hear her; for there was no reply.

“Wouldn’t you miss me if I went away?” she asked, after several moments’ silence.

Tom looked up, in a very astonished way, threw down the paper, yawned prodigiously, and walked toward the bedroom door.

"Don't be silly, child," he said very paternally. "Put away your books and come to bed. You are getting careless about sitting up so late—your complexion is getting very sallow, I noticed it, yesterday. You must see to it that you get to bed earlier, and perhaps you'll grow pretty again."

The portière swung to. She heard him yawn again, and throw down his boots with a clatter. But she did not hasten to join him; she threw herself down upon the divan instead, burying her face in the rough Persian bolsters. She did not cry—the hurt was too deep for tears to sooth—she could only press her dry, burning eyes closer upon the pillows and bury her face too deep to make moan. "He does not love me!" she whispered. "What shall I do! *What* shall I do!"

CHAPTER XXI.

“And if I laugh at any mortal thing, 'tis that I may not weep.”
—BYRON.

AND here is a strange truth. Although Patricia had awakened to the fact that Tom was indifferent to her caresses and her companionship, he was totally unaware of the fact himself. He did not know he had ceased to bestow those involuntary caresses which are so precious to a woman, and had no idea how remiss he had been in speaking to her of his love. Not of a demonstrative nature, naturally, the novelty of Patsy's proximity having worn off, he had accepted her companionship, recently, as a part of the daily routine of life, all unaware that this was so, and quite unconscious that he was behaving in such an unlover-like way. When Patsy greeted him with kisses upon his home-coming, he had certainly returned them, and when she had coquettishly called him back in the morning, now and then, for “just *one more* kiss-good-bye,” he certainly had not complained!—In fact Patsy had never bored him. She made him angry, at times, and they would have their little rages, and relent, and make up; but in

general she amused and entertained him.—He was very fond of her ; and had never, more than momentarily, regretted their marriage. But because he was fond of a woman, it did not argue, did it, that he must spend the day upon his knees before her, or become a Molly instead of a man ! And he was indeed at a loss to understand the tempestuous days that followed.

On the morning after Mr. Thorn had dined with the Pells, Patricia announced very soberly, at breakfast, that she was going to France, on the following Wednesday. And Tom had treated it as a joke and laughed in a way Patricia regarded as distinctly offensive and rude !

“ You do not love me any more,” she added quietly, “ so I am going to Honora.”

Then Tom became serious.

“ I suppose you are not well this morning, and that I must be patient with you, but I do not like such absurd freaks,” he said.

“ You will not say you love me !” she answered, sullenly.

“ I have told you a great many times that I love you,” he impatiently exclaimed. “ I do not know what you base this assertion upon. But one thing is certain. I forbid you to go to Honora ! When you wish to leave me, I will direct where you shall go.”

“ I will go where I choose !” said Patricia, with spirit. “ I am not in the habit of being dictated to !”

"It is an excellent habit to acquire," said Tom, superbly, as he pushed back his chair, and struggled into his fur-lined overcoat. "It is a habit I would like you to cultivate while you remain with *me*. Good-morning." He touched her lips lightly with his own, and then sauntered, debonairly, out of the door, down the hall, and away.

Then followed days when the thermometer of Mrs. Pell's moods raced from fever heat to zero, and below zero, and back again to the fever degree.

At one time he would find her moody and unapproachable and again in a passion of tears.

"Leave me!" she would cry, "you no longer love me! Leave me! It will be better for us both!" and a moment after she would fly to Tom's side and, taking his face in her little hands, rain passionate kisses from brow to chin, and with her lips clinging to his, would sob, "I love you so! *I love you so!* And you break my heart!"

And Tom could not understand. These moods were repulsive to him. He hated scenes. He hated tears. Why would she do it? It wasn't fair! It was quite uncalled for. He had done all he could for her—what more did she want! And he would stand looking at her in displeased perplexity, when a warm embrace would have cured all! Poor little savage, untutored Patsy, who knew nothing of the ways of the world,

less than nothing of the make-up of mankind, who could not understand why Tom was not content with her society alone, when *his* was all-sufficient for *her*; who knew nothing of the male craving for freedom and variety, but who would have been happy could she have locked Tom up in a glass case, and sat all day before him in adoring contemplation! Poor little Patsy! who could never tire of being told she was loved; whose warm little heart yearned for kisses and embraces from dawn till dark, and dark till dawn;—and Tom had not *understood*—had one day told her, laughingly, that he did not know where she had learned her hideous sentimentality, and the next impatiently exclaimed that he did *wish* she wouldn't be a damn fool, just because she knew how!

And Patricia cried till her eyes were heavy and her heart weighed like lead. She would not disobey Tom and go to Honora, and she refrained from writing her of her unhappiness. Memories of home came frequently to her, in these days. She wondered if they thought of her—if they ever missed her—if her father had one glimmer of tenderness deep in his heart for her—if Dorothea sometimes thought kindly of her, and if her mother sorrowed for the little stepdaughter, whom she had watched over from babyhood. She wondered if her aunt—her own mamma's sister—had returned from abroad and was at home again, and

what she should do if she met her some day in the street—would she tell her all, or would she hurry away, and pretend she had never seen her. How she longed to write home, and tell them all the truth,—that she was *married* to Tom—and *miserable*.

Would they take her home if they knew how sad and penitent she was! And then she thought of Honora—of her white face and suffering eyes when she told her her story. No—she would *not* go home! Her father's forgiveness she would spurn, if he offered it! What was *he* to forgive *her*! Let him think she was living in shame! It avenged Honora!

But the ties of blood are not easily severed. Patricia, —whether she owned it, or not, was homesick; she longed for her own people, she longed for companionship—and Tom was home less than ever now,—why should he come home to be greeted by a storm, when there were *other* women, who welcomed him with smiles!

The ladies residing at The Empress did not exchange calls with one another, as the neighbors did in Schuylerville. French idioms interested her less, as the winter wore on; and since crying so continually had not improved her voice, she finally abandoned her lessons in “vocal culture.” Tom never came, in the early afternoon now, to take her for a drive in the Park—in fact there had come a night, and then two, that he

never came home at all; and Patsy had referred, bitterly, to the apartment where they dwelt as Tom's "up-town clothes-press" since he had, some time ago, had a trunk with evening clothes and linen, sent to his Club—his ostensible residence.

So that life in the little apartment at The Empress was very dull. Bric-à-brac and music were all very well—and pretty surroundings and good dinners were not to be sneered at, but they were a poor substitute for *people*; they could not warm the heart of a lonely woman; and thus it happened that when Patricia ran across Annette, one day, on the avenue, she greeted her with almost ecstatic delight.

Where had she come from? Why—why from Canada! In Canada all this time?—In Canada most of the time—and other places—but never mind where she had come from—she was *here*—and she was so glad to see Annette she would like to "hug her hard," she declared enthusiastically, if it were not that so many people were looking, and might consider it an eccentric street scene!—And where was she going?—Oh, she didn't know—just wandering about. Wasn't it luncheon time, and would Annette lunch with her? Suppose they went to Del's—just as they did that long-ago day when she was so happy——" and then she bit her lip, and stopped abruptly.

Annette looked at her curiously. "You are pale,

dear, and thinner—you are not taking good care of yourself, I fear ! ”

Patricia laughed feverishly. “ You told me that last fall. Your old journalism does not teach you good manners. You are very blunt and rude ! ”

Annette smiled. “ Well, at any rate, you are my same old saucy Patsy, and what I was going to do to-day can be done to-morrow, so I’ll lunch with you, with pleasure—and afterwards we’ll go round to my rooms, if you’ll go.”

They found a table in the far corner, and Patricia insisted that Annette should do the ordering. “ Only I must have asparagus salad, and *bar-le-duc* jelly,” she added ; “ and I want to dress the salad myself—Honora taught me how, and you’ll surely like it ! Who is that distinguished-looking man, over there, Annette, with the florid face, and the snow-white hair, in the centre of the room, by the post, eating beefsteak and omelet ? ”

“ Oh, that is Mr. Vork—he is celebrated for his horses, or his stable—I guess it’s the stable ; or may be both. He’s a howling old swell, and has a son who took the Keeley Cure and survived it—has neither dropped dead, nor gone mad. The man with the sensitive face, in the window corner, with two ladies, is Condemrosch, the musician, and there, by the door, the man with the big head—there ! he is rising to speak to some one,—

hasn't he a courtly bow? that is Tavroyeni Bey, an ambassador."

"Gracious! You know them all!"

"Yes, I know them all," laughed Annette; "but they don't know me. It is a very one-sided acquaintanceship. I fancy they would be surprised if I bowed. Those two little men with light hair are the Byrnes Brothers, of Twenty-third Street, and that beautiful brunette, by the front window, just raising a sauterne glass to her lips, is Janet Jerolemon—whose relationship to Bertie Bend, the young man she is lunching with, is an unfortunate one, without doubt."

"But who is she?" asked Patsy, attracted by the piquant gypsy face, with its large, sad eyes, shaded with heavy, inky lashes.

"That would be difficult to say," said Annette. "She first dawned upon New York as an actress. People and Press went mad over her beauty, and more than all, it was discovered she could *act*. She had a great future before her—then she had the misfortune to meet Bertie Bend."

"*Why* a misfortune?"

"Because she was too talented a woman to throw herself away. When the Company went on the road she withdrew; took a richly-furnished apartment that the world is interested in discussing how she pays for, and is seen everywhere with Bertie Bend."

"Perhaps it is all right, though," said Patricia, "they might be secretly married, and nobody know!"

"Probably not!" said Annette. "If she had any right to his name, she is not the sort of woman, I think, who would sacrifice her reputation needlessly; and if the man cared enough for her to marry her he would certainly not permit the world to traduce her. That is why I say it is unfortunate for a woman with so much talent to throw over a fine future, all for a man who has simply a passing fancy for her. I could never understand why it should be necessary for a woman to become stone-blind simply because she is in love."

"Were you ever in love, Annette?" Patricia asked, bending eagerly forward. "Cannot you conceive a woman loving a man so madly that she is powerless to be else than a mere reed in his hands?"

"I *can* conceive it," Annette answered, musingly. "Yes, I can *conceive* it! For the man I *loved*, I would do and dare anything. There is nothing he could ask me, that it would be too great for me to grant. I would willingly live with him as his mistress, in defiance of the whole world. I would gladly fling every friend from me, to cleave unto him. Nothing could be a sacrifice if *he* asked it. Nothing could hurt me, if it was *his* will that I should suffer it. I would only have to look into his eyes for courage, to do and dare *any*-

thing he might ask. *But the man who would permit me to dishonor myself, for love of him, would not be worth it.* The man who would expose me to the world's gibes and jeers, would not be the man *I could love!* He would not be *worth* all the humiliations that would daily confront me! The man who accepts all the pleasures of love, and shirks the burdens, is a sneak, and I cannot believe I would ever give my heart to a sneak!"

Neither spoke for a moment. Then Patricia asked the waiter for the English mustard.

"Do you like a little mustard in the dressing, Annette?" she asked, lightly. "I only use the least little,—just enough to mix the pepper and salt into a good little paste. Do you know the lady sitting by the door, lunching with the bald-headed person, who keeps rolling his eyes over here? Her face seems familiar. I may have seen her at the Fair."

And they fell back into discussing the people about them, and Annette pointed out more celebrities and Patricia chattered of Canada, and told Annette how "the whole party," came near dying of starvation at Tadousac—" *the h'Eden h'of Canada!* "

And the people at the tables about watched her, and thought how bright and pretty, how *chic* of costume, and how jolly and gay the little

stranger in the corner seemed—never dreaming that deep down beneath the well of laughter that rippled so carelessly to her lips—*there were tears in her heart.*

Only Patsy knew.

CHAPTER XXII.

“ We may be near to each other, and not meet,
And far apart in the same room.”

Abbé Fénélon.

IT was something of a climb to Miss Fay's rooms away up under the eaves in a wide, old-fashioned mansion in Thirty-sixth Street, east; but, when you had arrived, you did not complain of the climb.

You stepped from the stairway into a roomy, square hall, lighted by a large skylight in the roof. It was simply furnished in Delft shades, with a long, high-backed Martha Washington settle, covered with cretonne, and chairs from some grandmother's garret, upholstered to match. A small bedroom led from the hall at the back, all in white, from the painted iron bedstead to the muslin sash curtains at the latticed windows. The “guest chamber,” next, had leaf-green tints mingled with the white. There was a work-table of white wood, with cover and basket of green. The desk was white, and there were chairs of green wicker. The white iron bed had a green silk spread; and a small stand of white wood in one corner held a majolica bowl of fruit.

At the front were two larger rooms, with big dormer windows. One was used as a parlor, "the other as a *sanctum*," Annette announced. Three doors stood open, but the "sanctum" door was shut.

The parlor was a fairly good copy of the one exhibited at the Fair, in the house of a Cairo street merchant. There were low couches covered with Eastern stuffs, inlaid tables, and swinging lamps; low screens made the background of a lazy-corner, where a huge paper umbrella served as a canopy. The seat beneath was upholstered in red, and cushions in the devil's shades were piled high, one upon another, at the back. Footstools were below, and an oblong smoking-table stood in front of this fantastic divan.

"I call this corner 'Little Hell,' " said Annette. "I had a funny little devil that I perched behind the top cushion, but one of the boys begged for it, and I too generously gave it to him. Now I miss my little imp, for what is hell without a devil?"

"Certainly rather incomplete," said Patsy. "I shall go and find you another! They say everything one ever heard of is to be had in New York—why not a devil? But who are *the boys*?"

"Oh, the newspaper men—and the artists—that prowl about here when they've nothing else to do! And I've one or two actors on my list. They make things very lively here sometimes. But I don't let

them bother me ; no one is admitted till four, and I make them scamper at ten, for I have an owly habit of writing my articles at night, and about ten the scribbling fit is on ! But from four to six, almost daily, we have quite a gossiping bee here. Bessie N. Cole will stop in for a cup of tea on her way home from some interview and tell me a lot about the distinguished personage—that never gets into the paper. James Raleigh Claremont makes some of his sketches here that are so admired in *Life* and *Truth*, when any of us will serve as a model. The man who wrote ‘Some Jags and Others, by One Who Knows,’—nicknamed ‘*The Jag Chap*’ by the boys—is also very fond of my tea, and by the way, he is a very decent little chap—never was drunk in his life—but *has seen others* ! Then there’s ‘Chimmie Cord,’ who says real life is only to be found on the Bowery, but I doubt if he’s been there in ten years, and Marjorie Macintosh, who writes fashions, which you never would guess to see the get-up she puts upon herself !

“ I won’t give them a thing to drink except good oolong ; but there’s always a sardine sandwich or so, and plenty of biscuits and jam, and they are welcome to smoke ; a little haze in the room just sufficiently subdues the gaudiness of my hangings.”

“ But *you* don’t smoke ? ” said Patricia.

“ I ? Oh, no ! ”

“Do you think it is wrong?”

“Wrong? Not a bit of it. Any number of girls I know smoke, and smoke very gracefully; but I do not care for it myself, and why should I make myself ill simply to cultivate a trick I don't care for. It always seems to me a very silly little vice. I had rather do something really startling. A girl lights a cigarette and is filled with admiration for herself. She thinks she is *so daring*, and exults in her wickedness, when she only succeeds in being vulgar. I had an assignment once that took me to a little village where there was only one hotel, and that was crowded, so another newspaper girl and I had to take a room together. She hesitated a little, after we were undressed, and then said: ‘Would you—would you mind if I smoke a cigarette?’ ‘No, indeed,’ I said. ‘I suppose you think it is very wicked?’ she remarked, with argument in her tone. ‘No,’ I said, ‘I don't see anything very wicked about it, but personally I prefer to leave smoking to my brothers.’ ‘I used to think just as you do,’ she said pityingly, ‘but since I've been out in the world, *I've grown broader*.’ You can imagine how squelched I felt, Patsy.”

“What *did* you say?” laughed Patsy.

“Oh, nothing. What was there to say? But I have known since then that if you smoke cigarettes you are ‘broad-minded,’ and if you don't, you haven't ‘been out in the world.’ Would you care to see my

sanctum now? It is not every one I will let have even the least peep ; but you may come in, if you like."

Patricia declared she wanted to "see it all," and Annette unlocked the door and admitted her. The floor was bare save for a small art-square in the centre, on which stood a large office desk, with roller top, and a row of drawers down either side to the floor.

There was a stand on the right, holding a large dictionary, and on the left, within reach, less than a dozen books had place on the shelves of a revolving book-case. There was Roget's *Thesaurus*, Richard Grant White's *Words and Their Uses*, *Phrase and Fable*, *The Reader's Handbooks*, a rhyming dictionary, another of quotations, *The Rubáiyát* (McCarthy's translation) and a volume of Sir Edwin Arnold's poems. Before the desk was a chair. There was nothing else in the room.

"Evidently," said Patricia, "you do not ask people to sit down in here!"

"No," said Annette. "You see when I come to my desk I do not want anything to distract me ; I want to have my mind wholly upon my work, and the very atmosphere must be free from play. I do not want to look at a chair, that will immediately remind me that that was where Jennie Jewett was sitting, yesterday, and then go on to think of what Jennie Jewett said, and get all the nicely assorted ideas for my

article scattered to the four corners of the town. I haven't a big enough brain to think intelligently and logically on more than one subject at once. So when I come in here, I shut away the world;—I keep this for a work-den, pure and simple."

"It looks both!" exclaimed Patsy. "I should write sermons, if I were shut up in here, or very solemn editorials!"

"I used to think I was needed in the editorial department," laughed Annette, "at least my articles took on that tone, I was told; and the Major called me up one morning to inform me that he had a regular staff employed in that line of work, and none of them had asked for my assistance! I felt very crestfallen!"

"Why, how rude he was!" said Patsy, sympathizingly.

"On the contrary I thought him very kind," replied Annette. "Up to that time I had supposed I was the balance wheel of the paper! Here was one department which could get on without me. It was very well to learn!"

Patricia left before Annette's reception hour, at four; alleging an engagement "up town."

"I am staying with friends at The Empress," she recklessly announced, knowing that *Miss Allan* would not be found, if Annette chanced to call there—"but I *won't* ask you up, for I am out so much, and *your* time

is so valuable. I will come to see you, though ; may I ? Run in at four ? Why, I would like it ! *Any* day ?—Very well. The first day I can escape from my friends, you may expect to see me tapping at your Rookery door !”

Patricia walked briskly up the avenue, disdaining the lumbering old stage that rattled by. She remembered Honora’s advice to walk when she felt unhappy—the assurance that physical fatigue would numb mental unrest. Oh, that she might walk to the ends of the earth, and off, and away, into space from which there was no returning. She felt more keenly than ever the loneliness of her life, after the afternoon with Annette. And why should she be lonely ! Why should she live this isolated, desolate existence ! Annette’s words at luncheon came back to her with renewed stings. She saw *herself* in Janet Jerolemon ! To be sure, she had not been a clever woman with a remarkable future to sacrifice for the whim of a man—but she had been the woman, blind with love, groping her way through a garden of roses—tenderly led, by a gentle, if fickle lover,—who plucked for her roses that had no thorns ;—an incident, in the life of a man, *who was life itself*, to *her* ;—and, now, he had wandered on without her ; she was alone ;—she had reached out her hands after him, and found—the thorns. Oh, was it fair,—when she had loved him so,—was it *fair* that

he should tarnish her blithe, young girlhood, and in pretense of atonement offer her this mockery of a marriage! This hollow *sham* of sharing his name! If she were known, in the world, as was this Janet Jerolemon, would any one believe they were married, living as they did. Would not gibes and jeers be *her* share! Was it *right* for a man to take all that a woman could give him—and requite her with tinsel!

And was it any the easier to bear, because she had only her own weakness to blame?

She walked on, block after block; to Fifty-ninth Street—through the Park—out of a west side gate to The Empress—flinging herself wearily down on the divan as she entered her room. A paper lay beside her, and she picked it listlessly up, carelessly scanning the headlines—and all at once Tom's name confronted her—he had lead the *cotillon* at Mrs. Plantagenet's the night before! She tossed the paper from her, with a little cry, and, rising, impatiently paced the floor. Then, suddenly, she paused before her desk, hesitated a moment, and then seizing her pen, with fervish rapidity, covered page after page, as she poured out her whole heart to Honora.

“Do you know what I conceive hell to be?” she concluded. “I believe it is one tier upon another of solitary cells, and that each holds an individual. You can look across into space, and see other beings—just

too far away from you to hear your voice. You are conscious of people all about you—but cell walls separate you one from the other—and you are alone, *alone*; always eternally *alone*! No one comes to you, to sympathize with you, to comfort you, to love you—till at last you go—*mad*! After that point is reached, there are, undoubtedly, endurable moments—for the insane happily have their delusions.

“ I feel I do not need to leave this earth to experience the hell of my conception. My cell is in a little hotel where I know only the warden and my jailer. I am well housed and fed, and my jailer comes and goes at not infrequent intervals. But even when he lies down, near me, to slumber, I feel that we are far apart, separated by the cell-wall of his indifference. Some nights, I lie long awake, listening to every breath he draws, and exulting in his proximity. Can you understand? Awake, his indifference repels me, but asleep, he is *mine*. I may nestle nearer. I may put out my hand and touch his face. I may gently kiss him—and he does not know.

“ But alas! I am still sane! So very sane I have not even the one, dear delusion I crave, that perhaps in some deep recess of his heart he yet cherishes me. My love-dream is done. My husband has found other attractions—other friends—and drifted away from me, *I*—a man episode—of *yesterday*!”

CHAPTER XXIII.

"God forgive me! But I've thought a thousand times that if I had
His power,
Or He my love, we'd have a different world, from this we live in."

J. G. HOLLAND.

TOM stood on the club-steps, talking with Billy Bancroft. The "business venture," was not panning out very well. It seemed to be a case of all give and no get; a constant stream of assessments, and no dividends in view.

"Well," concluded Bancroft, starting to go, "that's how the case stands; we must each chip in ten thousand more or stand a good chance of losing what we've already put in. I really have faith, Pell, that the plant is all it's cracked up to be; but it requires a great deal more capital to work the thing than was laid out to us in the prospectus. If we've been fooled, why we'll have to grin and bear it, I suppose, whether we relish it, or not."

"I don't see why the grinning should be compulsory," remarked Tom. "I always sympathized with that poor devil about to be hung, whom the sheriff braced up with those cheering words, as he put the

noose about his neck. 'I'll bear it,' said the man, 'but I'll be damned if I'll grin!'"

A wintry little smile stayed a fleeting instant upon Billy's downcast countenance.

"I guess you are right, Pell; I fancy we would not do very much grinning! However, we do not need to despair yet; I have the firmest faith that we'll see daylight in time, but it keeps good money tied up for an eternity; and naturally we have some qualms about sending more after it. Well, good-night, old man; look for you about noon to-morrow, and we'll go over those reports of Ferguson's again, we may stumble upon the snag with further searching."

Billy turned east.

"I say," Tom called to him, "I think I'll sell out!"

Billy stopped and stared at him, then gave an abrupt little laugh.

"I guess we'd all of us like to do something of that sort, but who's going to buy, after looking over the reports?"

"Well, I wish to the Lord I'd never touched the thing!"

"I wish you hadn't, too," said Bancroft. "I daily curse myself for landing you across such a snag. If I were not so infernally hard up myself just now, I'd buy you out."

"O, stuff!" said Tom. "Don't misunderstand me

that way. I investigated the affair for myself and went into it with my eyes wide open—if I lose my dough, I shan't trot about crying baby. It's the deuce of a mess, and I'm not very sanguine as to the outcome. However, it may all turn out glowing gold, as you say. Good-night, I'll be down some time in the morning."

Tom crossed the avenue. Little De Puyster joined him at the corner, rakish little De Puyster, of the cherubic countenance, who was always getting into some absurd scrape.

"Where are you bound, Pell?" he asked, overtaking Tom, who was striding along with a somewhat vicious tread.

"Home," said Tom, briefly.

"I thought you were stopping at the Club?"

"That is my bachelor residence," said Tom with a deprecatory smile,—"*my family* quarters, are up Harlem way."

"Blonde or a brunette, this season?" chaffed De Puyster.

"Mrs. Pell is a Titian-tressed blonde," airily remarked Tom.

"Oh-h!" groaned De Puyster. "Freckled-faced, —fiery-tempered—*fat!*"

Tom laughed. "A skin like alabaster," he proclaimed, "a disposition, sweet as Jacqueminot roses; and the form of a sylph."

"Introduce me, old chap."

"*Not you!* I'm very particular about her acquaintances!"

"You know I'd cut you out!"

"I shan't take any chances," said Tom.

"Babies resemble papa?" continued De Puyster.

"No menagerie as yet. Which way are you turning?" as they reached Sixth Avenue. "I am going to the 'L.'"

"I say, Pell," said De Puyster, with a trace of embarrassment, "I wish you'd do me a favor—I'm in a muss!"

"No! *You!*" ejaculated Tom, in ironical tone.

"You see, one of the Mrs. De Puysters——"

"How large is the assortment, just now?"

"Well, there's Mrs. De Puyster by right, you know; and there's Mrs. De Puyster by assumption, and it's she I'm in trouble with, because she's heard of the third, who is Mrs. De Puyster, by permission."

"O!" said Tom, comprehensively.

"And—you see—I'm due at the house where I'm disliked to-night, and I'd really rather not go! I feel so sure," piteously, "that I should not have a pleasant evening!"

"Then why the devil do you go?"

"I—*I'm not* going!" fervently uttered De Puyster—"but I thought—if *you* would go——"

“ Well, upon my oath ! ” ejaculated Mr. Pell.

“ If you could just stop there, Pell, and tell her—tell her I had an awful attack of—of—*colic*, don’t you know,—in pitiful pain, wife hanging over bed, nurses, doctors, hot-water bandages, liniments—oh, just paint *agonizing* scene—and tell her, in the midst of all my *frightful suffering*, I pulled you down and whispered in your ear—*gasped* in your ear, would be better—to go to her, and tell her *why* I did not come—as I—as I *longed to* and—and—I hope to be better in a—a—er—week or two ! ”

The corners of Mr. Pell’s mouth drooped, and his eyebrows crawled some distance up upon his forehead.

“ Do you mean to seriously say, De Puyster, that you’d go all that out of your way to lie to a woman ? ”

“ What’s a fellow to do ? ” argued De Puyster, gloomily. “ You see the lady loves me. I must let her down easy ! Yet I’m not sure it’s worth the trouble ! She didn’t play fair ! ‘ Bertie,’ she says, in the beginning, ‘ if ever you deceive me, *don’t* come and confess ; I don’t want to know about it ! I’d rather remain in happy ignorance ! ’ And here the moment I’ve another *affaire* on hand, she goes nosing into it, and raises no end of a row—*because I’ve deceived her !* ”

“ But why do you get such a crowd on the string ! ” said Tom, impatiently. “ You are old enough to know better ! ”

"They want me so!" said little De Puyster, modestly. "I have such winning ways! I no sooner flirt a bit with a girl than she loves me madly—and I'm no St. Anthony!"

"You are the most conceited young beggar I ever ran across," said Tom. "I am curious to see the variety of woman who could ever find *you* fascinating, I'll go around and do my best with your colic fantasy. Fetch out her address."

"You'll—you'll not make love to her?" said De Puyster with assumed agitation, tearing a leaf from his note-book, "because, you see, Pell," grinning till his fat face dimpled, "I may love her the best of any of them to-morrow. I never can tell. No. 2 suits one mood, and No. 3 another—and I can't tell overnight, you know, just the mood I'll awake in! Lord! but I'm grateful to you, though, for getting me out of it to-night, and I say, Pell, whatever you do, never get married—these *permanent* wives do lead one a life!—They preach to you on their *rights* and you can't deny 'em!"

"I think *you* can deny about anything," Mr. Pell remarked. "Good-night. If the lady pleases me, I may take her off your hands!"

"And the brevet-Mrs. Pell?"

"Have you any United States special-grant on Mormonism?" demanded Tom.

"I would sorrow to lead you into temptation," sighed De Puyster, solicitously.

"If I elope with the lady, I'll leave a line explaining that the blame lies with you. Fifty-sixth Street, West; just in my way. Now get you to your colicky couch and don't be seen out all the evening, proving me an *untruther* if any of her friends should chance to stroll by. *Au revoir*."

"Good-night, old chap, and blessings be upon your curly head!" said De Puyster, piously, and leaped upon a passing car, as Tom took a cab at the corner.

Patricia, with her nose pressed upon the pane, stared out into the darkness. Six, seven, eight—no Tom in sight. She turned wearily away and rang for dinner to be brought. It was so lonely, eating dinner all by one's self; and Tom had promised to come home that night. Ah, well! night meant any time before breakfast, she supposed! It was no use waiting dinner, any longer!—Not that she was hungry she was never hungry now—but dining was in the routine of the day—it filled a desolate hour—she'd order it up, and a bottle of wine—it might cheer her.

By Tom's preference meals were served in their own rooms; it saved possible chance acquaintance in the dining-room, and placed them less on exhibition, he said. A kindly-faced darkey soon arrived with the tray.

“Yo’ mus’ jes’ be suah, Mis’ Pell, as I alluz waits on yo,” he cautioned Patricia, as he smoothed the cloth with his wrinkled black hands, “cos’ it ’curs I’m de on’y com’tent pusson in de house; mos’ evy’ one heah jis so ongawdly stoopid, it mek yo’ sik—an’ de stew’d, Mis’ Pell, he jes’ a fool, too, same’s res’ on ’em; ’sisted yo’ want Pommard wen *I* knowed yo’ want Chambertinn. Mis’ Major’banks, she say I de on’y ’tel’gent niggah here ’bout—an’ by de way, it ’curs t’ me, I heerd Mis’ Major’banks talkin’ ’bout yo’ all to de Cunnel—her husban’. She jes’ see Mar’ Pell down de street, an’ she say she pity yo’ a heap, Mis’ Pell! Dere! I gess ev’ytin’ alright. ’Cept dere ain’ no termarterses. Hev some good little termarterses, Mis’ Pell, fo’ yo’ salad?”

“Mrs. Majoribanks said she pitied *me*, George?” said Patricia, indignantly. “*Why* should she pity me?”

“I donno, Mis’ Pell. I on’y know she done said it fo’ suah, dat’s all ole George know. I get you doze termaterses *right* er-way,” and George slid hastily out of the door, alarmed at the storm indicated upon “sweet Mis’ Pell’s” countenance; and when the salad was prepared, pressed another man into service for its delivery.

Patricia scarcely tasted her dinner. She went to the piano, and thrummed over the accompaniment of

a new song, "A Little Red Skylark." The words ran something in this way :

"The dawn is dark to me,
Hark, oh hark to me,
Pulse of my heart, I pray!
And out of thy hiding,
With blushes gliding,
Dazzle me with thy day."

Patricia sang them softly, and was just about to essay the second verse, when there was a tap at the door, and in answer to her call to "Come," an elderly woman somewhat burdensomely arrayed in jet and satin, with a tortoise shell lorgnette affectedly held to her eye, advanced into the room.

"Mrs. Pell!" she said, with an effusive smile, "I have seen you so often in the elevators, you know, my dear, that I quite feel that I know you!"

"Yes?" said Patricia, distantly, remaining by the piano stool, from which she had risen.

"Yes," repeated Patricia's caller, "I quite feel that I know you, and we ought to be friends, my dear, living here in the same house, in apartments next to one another, and we could cheer one another up when these *wicked* men of ours are off gallivanting after the girls! I'm sure I don't know where the Colonel is now, he's off again *somewhere*, hasn't stopped in now for *seventeen* evenings—and—er—I see Mr. Pell is not

at home," again raising her lorgnette and scrutinizing the corners of the room, as though he might possibly have popped into some secret closet in the wall.

"You are Mrs. Majoribanks?" asked Patricia, with frigid courtesy.

"Yes, my dear, and I have come to call," the lady announced, selecting herself a comfortable chair, and branching out into quite an oration as to the merits and demerits of the new spring fashions, and suddenly winding up with almost no pause between topics.

"Don't you get very lonely, my dear?"

"Why, no," said Patricia, proudly, "why should I be lonely? I have not many acquaintances in New York, but I have my books, and my music, and—my husband."

"But he is away *so much*!" said Mrs. Marjoribanks, in a profoundly pitying tone.

Patricia paled.

"Why do you think so?" she asked, quietly.

"Oh, I see him here and there," Mrs. Majoribanks replied, "and he seems to have such an extensive female acquaintance." An involuntary movement of Patricia's felled a book to the floor. Mrs. Majoribanks paused for an instant. "It must be very hard for you to bear, my dear," she continued in a tone of the deepest sympathy.

"No," said Patricia, bravely, "I—I quite approve

of Mr. Pell's going about—in fact, I *urge* him to do it. He is an old resident of New York, and has a number of friends here who kindly amuse him while I am housed. I am—am something of—an invalid.”

Mrs. Majoribanks' eyes distended in mild surprise.

“You *look* well!” she exclaimed.

“Yes, it is a chronic trouble,” said Patricia, convincingly, “it does not show!”

“All the more shame to him,” said Mrs. Majoribanks with much indignation, “to leave you by yourself so much! Why you might *die*!”

“Oh, no, it is not so bad as that,” hastily said Patricia, trying to retract somewhat, “but when I am not well, I prefer to be alone, and I am feeling very badly this evening,” pointedly.

But Mrs. Majoribanks took no notice of the concluding remark.

“You don't *know* how bad it may be,” she exclaimed excitedly. “The idea of your dying here alone, and that abominable husband of yours sporting about with De Puyster's mistress (just as if he hadn't enough women of his own), yes that's what he's doing *this very evening*. I saw him myself, and you're too sweet a little thing to be so *out-ra*-geously deceived. I just said to myself, said I, ‘Helen Majoribanks, you go in there and you tell that poor little deluded woman just what you saw, just as you'd want any sister-woman to

come and tell you if she saw any of the Colonel's going's-on, and so——'"

But Mrs. Majoribanks was interrupted. There was no trace of invalidism in Patricia now, as she crossed the room and swung wide the door, the little figure drawn to its full height and eyes flashing with fury. "You will excuse me," she said tensely, "I must wish you good-evening; whatever my husband chooses that I shall know of his affairs, he will himself inform me."

"But, Mrs. Pell," cried Mrs. Majoribanks in crest-fallen agitation, "do you not wish to know——"

"I wish you to *go*!" interrupted Patricia, her eyes narrowing dangerously.

Mrs. Majoribanks gathered her long satin frock in one hand, and swept from the room with what dignity she could assume; once she made a show of raising her lorgnette, on the way, but there was something in Mrs. Pell's expression which caused her to drop the glass and hurry on.

"I never *saw* such a rage as she was in!" she related to Colonel Majoribanks later. "She must lead that poor man a perfect *devil* of a life! *No wonder* he is never at home!"

"*Hm*!" said the Colonel, "Helen Majoribanks, it's my pretty excellent judgment that you're a fool."

CHAPTER XXIV.

“‘Say what remains when hope is dead?’ she answered, ‘Endless weeping.’”

WHEN Mrs. Majoribanks was fairly gone and Patricia had softly shut to the door behind her, she went wearily back into the room and seated herself again at the piano. But it was of no possible use. Every vestige of strength had gone from her. Her hands lay idly on the keys, powerless to make motion; her voice had not the range of the very newest baby born; and the words of the song on the rack before her seemed to stagger on the page; it was of no use to try; the song was not a pretty one, either; it no longer had music in it, in her opinion; at any rate, she could not sing any more!

But all at once she found voice enough to laugh—a low, rippling, mirthless laugh, with a hopeless note jarring through it.

So! People thought they might come to her and talk about Tom! and that she would listen! That

she would believe them—that she—would—(the laugh changed into a sobbing sigh) *believe* them!

She jumped up impatiently from the piano chair, flinging her hands out with a despairing gesture, then running across the room to the window, threw it wide open, and leaned out into the night.

It was late. The cars crawled indolently by. Little warm spring breezes fanned her fevered forehead. There were shifting clouds in the sky, through which the twinkling stars peeped wherever a rift made room. There were no lights in many of the houses round about. Half the world was already sleeping.

She sank on her knees, resting her arms upon the sill, and threw her head back upon the casement—looking up into that vast dome that covers all the universe; the tiny twinkling worlds that we call stars; the gathering banks of clouds that were less black than the inky night;—and she cried out defiantly to the God she believed in, the God that she conceived to be somewhere above and beyond the sky—"It is *not* true."

It seemed to her as she knelt there that God looked pityingly down upon her;—that a turbulent rushing torrent was about to sweep her away—and that God felt sorry. And His compassion angered her! She would defy the torrent, the world—even the pitying God! The rushing stream should *not* engulf her. She

was strong. She would *not* be crushed. All earth and heaven and hell might accuse Tom, and she would answer to every one of them—" *It is a lie !* "

" He may not—love me—as I love him," she whispered, brokenly, " men do not love women as women love men—how can a man give up every hour of his existence to love when there are so many other things in the world a man must do ? It would be stupid to expect it ! I have nothing else to do but to love my husband, *as a woman loves*,—with all my heart and soul and brain and body ; and Tom loves me as a man loves—in *his* way. How absurd to expect any one to do things in some other person's way ! Men love like men—why should I expect him to have a silly little *woman's heart* ? Yes," in answer to an accusing memory, " I have sometimes said he did not love me—but that was when I expected too much ! I had not learned ! It does not prove that because a man can enjoy other society than yours that he no longer loves you ; it does not prove that a man has ceased to care for you because he is now and then a little cross ! Why, *I* am sometimes cross," with returning cheerfulness, as these very convincing arguments brought calm, " and how insane it would be to say I did not love him, because I am not always amiable ! And as to his—possibly—being out with some one, not—*proper* ; I presume that is not a crime ! I presume all

men are occasionally thrown into company they cannot get away from—all at once—without being rude. But that woman wanted me to believe—*dared* to *insinuate*——”

She sprang to her feet again and began pacing up and down the small *salon*.

“*If it were true*,” she moaned, “I would go away!” Then she stopped herself with an odd little laugh. “Where would I go? and with what? and when?” she jeered. “Is the swimming good in the Atlantic? Is the walking good to the Massachusetts hills? Have I wings? And Honora told me to *always* save part of the money—it was not fair of me to forget!”

She went into her dressing-room and threw open the wardrobes, taking down an armful of pretty frocks, which she spread about the chairs, and lovingly contemplated.

“I bought that,” she said, touching a brocade, trimmed with rich lace, “because Tom said the sample was pretty. It took all Honora’s check for that month, and the hundred Tom had just given me besides! And that brown velvet blouse—I bought because Tom said I was pretty in brown! It came from *Doucet* and was so expensive. Then the month I meant to be economical Tom asked me why I did not get some light dresses for evening—he gave me two hundred for that;—but that barely bought two,

and I wanted *three*,—so how could I save any of Honora's money that time? It doesn't seem to me that I have been extravagant," meditatively, "yet where did all the money go?"

She went for her purse and emptied its contents upon her dressing-table—there were two keys, a glove-button, a hairpin, an "L" ticket, five postage stamps, and \$5.66!

"Yet," she said, clenching up her little fists, and speaking very vehemently, "I would go *somewhere* with even that small fortune—if it were true!"

When Tom came home an hour later, there was a little figure robed in a dainty negligée of silk and lace, curled up among the cushions on the divan. Her face was very pale and her eyes fast shut. Her copper curls, all unconfined, rippled prettily over the green-and-gold bolsters. She did not speak nor stir. Tom stooped and kissed her.

"Poor little pet!" he ejaculated. "Blessed if I didn't promise to come home to-night—and she's been waiting for me! Well, Mrs. Patsy," as she slowly opened her eyes, "are you trying to catch your very death of cold, lying about in that thin thing, with no cover, just under an open window?"

"It is warm," she said quietly.

"Just the time to catch cold," continued Tom, "and pneumonia I'm told is a really painful death. A

double dose of morphine would doubtless be pleasanter !
How long have you been asleep ? ”

“ I was not asleep,” said Patsy.

“ Oh ! ” said Tom, in a changed tone, “ you were composing a Caudle lecture for me ! Trot out the topic, and we’ll have our little daily fight ! You do add such a zest to our home-life, dear,—I often wonder I can ever tear myself away ! ”

“ Tom,” she said, very gravely, “ I do not usually ask you questions, do I ? ”

“ You have been sufficiently intelligent to refrain from that pastime up to date,” he arrogantly replied.

“ To-night I would like to talk to you a little—about you and me—may I ? ”

“ I suppose nothing will stop a woman’s tongue,” he answered, with curling lip, “ and you have certainly selected a subject that should be of interest to us both.”

“ Don’t be cross,” she said, coaxingly. “ Hold me in your lap—put your arm about me—*so*. Ah-h,” with a little coo of comfort, “ that is so much better than the couch ! ”

“ Thank you,” he said smiling.

“ Now, I want to talk, and ask questions ! ”

“ Both at once ? ” Tom protested.

“ Where would you begin ? ” ignoring his interruption.

"I should begin at the end and go backward, that will save suspense and possibly time!"

"I have a right to ask you questions, have I not?"

"Certainly," said Tom, with a very wide yawn, "you have a right to *ask* them. Are they the usual sort women ask? I might answer in advance:—Yes, I love you—no, I don't love any other girl—yes, I dined at the club—no, I did not stop the evening there."

Patsy laughed at his very glib replies.

"Thank you," she said, "but that is only a part—will you answer the others?"

"I won't promise."

"Oh, do!"

"Oh, no," he said; "that would be like signing a blank power of attorney. I won't agree to give myself wholly away."

"Well, how much do you love me?" she asked.

Tom shook with merriment. "More than tongue can tell," he quoted with mimic intensity. "What good fun you are, dear!—I should have to love you a lot if only because you are so amusing!"

"Oh, dearest!" she cried, "I am not jesting to-night, I ask you seriously—I *beg* of you, tell me frankly—down in the depths of your heart, dear, *what place have I?*"

Patricia heard the clock on her desk ticking out the seconds into the stillness that followed. Tom re-

garded her with a very solemn countenance, on which there rested a decided frown. He twirled his moustache with one hand, and beat a little tattoo on the chair-arm with the one which fell from her waist.

"What is all this about?" he demanded irritably, at last. "If you will kindly skip the preliminaries and inform me why I am at the bar it will be good of you! The accused is usually informed of the nature of his sin before being asked to stand trial."

"I accuse you of nothing," said Patricia, gently, "and if I did, what could it matter?" stooping nearer to kiss away his frown. "If you were guilty of every sin under Heaven, could I condemn you? I am not so disloyal, sweetheart? '*The King* can do no wrong!'"

"Very prettily said," said Tom, somewhat mollified, "but why, then, are you fighting me?"

"Oh, you do not understand, dear," sadly, "and I do not know that I can make myself clear to you; but I have been thinking all the evening about our life together, and I wanted to know if you are any happier, because I am yours—if I make life dearer to you—if, when you come home to me, you are glad that I am here. I want to know, dear, if I fill all your heart, or if I am poked away upon an attic shelf? What is my place?"

Tom smiled compassionately into the earnest eyes fixed so sombrely upon him.

"Dearie," he said, stifling another yawn, "you are hideously sentimental."

Patricia rose from her seat upon his knees, and went over to the mantel, remaining for several slow moments with her back toward him, and her nose buried in a bunch of violets, striving to regain her composure.

When she turned to him again, she was very quiet, and the tenderness had gone out of her eyes. Tom had risen, and commenced to undress.

"Well," he said, cheerily, "if the inquest is finished, it may be time to retire;—I think I hear milk-carts starting on their rounds."

"I have *not* finished," she said. "I wish to know where you spent the evening."

Tom did not reply at once. He was occupied in unlacing his shoes. The smile on his face indicated that he was vastly entertained.

"Well?" insistently, as the silence remained unbroken.

"I was trying to think up a proper answer," he smiled, "but I'm going to tell you the truth," with cordial candor, "I have been out sky-larking with a girl!"

"What is sky-larking?"

"Oh, a regular old toot—music-hall, supper,—all the rest."

A pause. Then—

“ Did you—kiss her ? ”

“ Of course ! Why, what is the matter ? You surely did not suppose I never kissed a girl, did you ? ”

Patsy slowly crossed the room till she stood before him.

“ Have you ever been—untrue—to me ? ” she asked him, in tones scarcely audible, her face pathetic in its pallor.

And as Tom looked into her shrinking eyes he resisted the desire to shout with laughter—resisted his first impulse to tell her the brutal truth—and yet, to save him, he could not utter the lie her eyes unwittingly implored.

He drew himself up in offended dignity, and looked coldly down upon her.

“ I mistook the character of your interrogations,” he said, superbly ; “ it is not an inquest but an inquisition you summon me to ! I must really decline to be longer kept upon the rack. There are some things a woman must take on trust—a husband is one of them ! If I assert to-night that I have never been untrue to you, the question and answer establish a most uncomfortable precedent ! There might come a day when I could not so easily reply, and it would be much more difficult, then, to take the stand I take now, if I had made a practice of allowing such idiotic inquiries.”

"Then," said Patricia slowly, "you would never tell me if you were untrue?"

"Of what benefit could it be to you to know? Why should I deliberately wound you?"

"Nothing cuts deeper than doubt," bitterly.

"Then why doubt?" flinging the portière of the bed-chamber aside, and continuing his disrobing.

When Patricia came from her dressing-room and crept into bed, Tom was serenely sleeping. The gray dawn had dispelled the darkness of the night and made visible the objects of the room. She piled the pillows behind her and looked lingeringly about, seeking to impress every detail of the scene upon her memory. Tom's clothes, flung on this chair and that, caused a little smile to light her face for an instant. Not one was empty—one held a sock, and another a shirt, and his tie dangled from the back of a third—*dear Tom!* How he detested being orderly!

She turned toward him, propping herself up on her elbows, and bringing her face close to his; and all her heart went out to him in immeasurable tenderness. What a fine, manly fellow he looked! She loved the curve of his cynical lips, the chiselling of his thin nostrils, that distended ever so slightly as he drew long, regular respirations. She loved his broad, white brow, and the comical, little closely-cropped curls above, that *would* stray over the parting. *And she*

was going away! When the morning was well advanced, so that her leaving would excite no comment, she would go quietly out of the door, in just the ordinary way, and no one would ever guess that she had gone forever! She should go somewhere out into the great wide world, and make a place for herself. Surely—somewhere—some niche awaited her!

But here—beside Tom—*no!* She should shrink from caresses that were shared! She should shrink from being a mere crumb of the loaf! She could not consent to be merely a component part of a composite wife!

And yet—*to go!* To go to some part of the wide world where Tom would not be—never to see him again—never to reach out her hand for his clasping—

She drew her breath in sobbingly, and, stooping gently, kissed him. Tom stirred in his sleep. “Good-bye,” she whispered, all the misery of it struggling through the smothered accents, “*good-bye.*” But Tom, half awakening, turned on his pillow, and stretching out his arm, drew her to him. The unconscious caress calmed and comforted her; her tired little head nestled upon his broad shoulder in irresistible content.

A yellow light displaced the gray dawn, and a fresh, dewy atmosphere burdened with the scent of spring-blossoms swept her fevered face. She lay very still

not to wake him, and gradually the fatigue of the night made itself felt. She stretched her limbs out indolently; the tired little eyelids fluttered to; her bosom evenly rose and fell with her regular breathing; and as the sun had climbed high in the heavens, no little desolate figure wandered through the Empress doors and away into exile. Cradled in the strong arms of the man to whom Destiny had so bunglingly bequeathed her, Patricia slept.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Days change so many things—yes, hours.
We see so differently in suns and showers."

—KLINGLE.

OUR days and our nights are link after link of *reaction*—each reaction a recompense of that forged before.

When night comes at the end of the fatiguing day, a lassitude creeps over all the senses, and we are keener alive to small influences—more receptive, more emotional than during those hours when the sun holds sway; but at returning day we re-clothe our souls with self-control and rise to labor, fight or play, as his imperial majesty, Circumstance, commands.

When Patricia awoke, her bodily attitude was undisturbed; Tom's arm yet languidly encircled her, and her head still snugly rested upon his sufficient shoulder; but matters of the mind took different shape and color as she drowsily recalled the emotion of the evening—the despair of the night. It seemed to her now that she had been over-sensitive and suspicious; that she

had taken a short cut to conclusions. Simply because Tom had very naturally declined to answer insolent inquiries—surely it *was* an insolence for a wife to distrust her husband—she had taken an absurdly melodramatic view of the matter. She had been very foolish, she told herself, to permit the disagreeable gossip of a disagreeable old woman to play such havoc with her and make her so abusive to poor, dear Tom! Vowing she would ne'er believe, she had straightway *doubted*. Tom had been quite right to laugh at her, and she did not wonder he was annoyed in the end. Well, she would make it all up to him. She would never again question or doubt him. He should see what a good little girl she would forevermore be. She would tell him, by and bye, that she was *sorry*!

And presently Tom opened his eyes and blinked at the sunlight that filtered through the shutters. There was a heavy, oppressed feeling somewhere about his forehead, and another bearing down upon his liver—in fact, Mr. Pell awoke far from amiable. He turned his head on the pillow and gazed upon Patricia with something of surprise in his glance. Patricia put up her face to be kissed, but Tom only disengaged his arm and moved a little farther away.

“Good-morning!” Patsy ventured in an aggrieved tone.

“Morning,” contemplating the ceiling.

"*Don't* you love me this morning?" appealingly.

No reply.

"Well, I know you do," she said, with a pretty sigh of satisfaction, "or you would not have kept your arm so tight about me all night long."

"Hmph!" said Tom, with an enigmatic smile, "I suppose I didn't know it was you! A man can hardly be held accountable for what he does in his sleep!"

"Dearest," she said, beseechingly, her eyes piteously protesting, "why will you say such cruel things, when you know very well you do not mean them?"

"You are very kind to interpret me so courteously," sneered "Dearest," "but so early in the day it is a fault of mine to be excessively frank, and—excuse me—if I must insist that I meant *precisely* what I said."

"Do you know—that you intimate—that *other* women—sleep—on your shoulder?"

"Do I?" smiling disagreeably.

"Would you have me think *that*, Tom?" imploring to be contradicted.

"Think any damn thing you choose!" muttered Mr. Pell, impatiently.

Patricia gulped down a big lump in her throat, and bravely battled back the tears. "*Dear*," she said, flinging her arms impetuously about him, and nestling her face against his, "I will never believe a single evil thing against you—there is not room in my heart

for one bad thought of you, beside all the love that is there !”

But Tom was uncommonly ill-natured that morning. Her very trust annoyed and angered him. He didn't want to be believed in. He hadn't asked to be believed in. It was a blankety-blank nuisance to be bothered with a belief he did not desire ! What right had she to force her faith upon him, and make him feel like a double-dyed sneak, when the good Lord knew he had never made the least pretence of being a saint, and was not a whit worse than other men !

Well, he would just settle the question once and for all ! He had the same devil-given right to be a polygamist—should he so elect—that every “man of the world” arrogated unto himself, and she should know it !

So he disengaged her arms with a weary air, as though their clasp fatigued him, and yawning a little, remarked, in a nonchalant tone, “There *are*—others !”

And Patricia made no answer. She felt all her body stiffen into marble. There was a hand of iron clutching at her heart. It seemed as though, all in an instant, like the unfortunate people of old Pompeii, she was buried in a bed of lava—that she could never more move. She could not speak, for her lips refused to make sound. The balmy breezes of the spring morning chilled her. Then, suddenly, returning life

came to her in a shiver that shook her viciously, from head to foot ; and gathering all the strength she could muster, she sprang out of bed, and ran into the room beyond.

When Tom came from his bath, he found her lying listlessly on her favorite divan, with closed eyes.

"Have you ordered breakfast?" he inquired, with formality.

"No," in a very still tone.

"Are we to have any?"

"As you like," with shut eyes.

Tom put on his clothes that morning with all the fuss it was possible for a man to make. He stamped his shoes on, and rang for a boy to lace them. He made a clatter with his studs and scarf-pin. He had a second boy up to brush his coat and trousers, and a third to fetch him a *Martini*. At intervals he threw things upon the floor,—a handkerchief, a shirt, his discarded hose—and, being finally arrayed, informed the lady in lawn and lace upon the divan, that he would breakfast at the club.

And then Patricia opened her eyes and looked at him.

"Tom," she said faintly, "it has all been a mistake."

"I guess that's right enough," said Tom cheerily, striking a match for his cigar.

"You are—*sorry*—that you married me?" in a shrinking tone.

"Well," said Mr. Pell, blowing blue curls of smoke ceilingward, "I suppose I *might* have done a sillier thing than marry you, but I doubt it!"

"Then *why*," she cried, stung to the soul, "did you do it?"

"As near as I can estimate, because I was an everlasting chump!"

"Oh, Tom!" she wailed, clasping her hands so tightly that the pointed nails dented the flesh, "how *can* you be so cruel to me? Is it *nothing* to you that I gave up all I had, or ever could have, for your sake? That I abandoned family—friends—future, for worship of *you*!"

She rose and crossed the room to him as she spoke. He stood, with elbow on the mantel, hat in hand, calmly surveying her as she approached. Gad! how he hated *scenes*! Her supplicating tones, the ashen pallor of her face, goaded him to fury. Good God! Hadn't he married the girl? What more could she ask? Why rake up a very dirty past, that it should be even less agreeable for her to remember than for him? Bah! she bored him! She was like all women—given the earth, she claimed a mortgage on the space about it!

"I hardly see in what way I am cruel to you," he said. "Should your allowance be increased?"

“ *Tom !* ”

“ As to our relation before marriage—of which it pleases you to remind me—I remember, with regret, that indiscretion. The proof of your affection (if affection it was) was truly more ardent than wise. As you say, it placed me under some obligation to you. I have met similar obligations with money. I married *you !* ”

Patricia swayed as though about to fall.

“ Allow me,” said Tom, politely placing a chair for her.

“ I see it all now ! ” she moaned. “ I have *loved* you so that I would not let myself see. If anything seemed strange or wrong, or out of place, I glossed it over with my love. If you were impatient, I made excuses. If you stayed away, I invented reasons. I would not *see !* But now, it is so cruelly clear ! *You have never cared for me !* ”

Her eyelashes were wet with unshed tears. The tangled curls, bronze-gold in the sunlight, mantled the shoulders of her white night-robe, beneath the hem of which her bare toes peeped. But all her prettiness and piteousness did not appeal to Tom. His head ached, and his liver ached, and his conscience was not comfortable. He knew he had not been a good husband, and that he was a brute this very instant ; but he wished she wouldn't take it so

hard. She took life so seriously. She had none of the devil-may-care temperament of Hortense, who would have danced a jig at his funeral, he had no doubt, but who was always so comfortingly cheery, one forgave her many a fault—nor the serenity of *Elsa*, who could behold her best frock baptized in beer and retain a complacent countenance !

He had certainly been fond of Patsy at the first—she had been so pretty and piquant—and so adoring. But as time passed on, she became less diverting. She was such a transparent child. There were no little mysteries about her to fascinate, no little coquetries to charm, you could read her very thoughts in her face ; when she moped, you had to know it ; if melancholy, her tears simply flooded you out ; and the intensity of her devotion was wearing—all-fired, deuced wearing ! Bread and cheese and kisses were all very well, but when the kisses were served both before and after the bread, and sugared the cheese through and through, it grew cloying ! There wasn't the man living who would want to breakfast, lunch and dine on Turkish fig-paste—and Patricia's lavish love overburdened him. It was too much to digest—now that the machinery of his heart had other occupations.

“ You have never cared for me ! ”

Mr. Pell drew on his gloves and lighted a fresh cigar. “ Have you ever thought of studying for the stage,

dear?" he asked her as he moved toward the door. "I think you have great histrionic talent—as a tragedy queen you would win uncommon renown. My stomach bids me breakfast—so might we postpone this most melancholy discussion till evening? *Auf wiedersehen, liebchen mein!*"

"Tom," she called, as he closed the door. "Tom," rushing after him. "Just one little minute—come back!"

"Well?" as he sauntered back to the threshold.

She took his hands and drew him over the door-sill, closing it behind him.

"I only want to kiss you," she said, uplifting a pale face, wet with tears.

"Oh!" smiling into her hopeless eyes.

"I am sorry," she whispered, "for all the bother I have been. *Good-bye.*"

She took his face in her little hands with a caressing touch, and kissed him solemnly on both eyes, and then, lingeringly, on the lips; then she gave him a gentle push away, and opened the door for him. "Good-bye," she said again, smiling, with sudden bravery, through the tears.

He looked back as he jumped on the car. Her sunny head was thrust through the lace draperies of the window, and she nodded to him, brightly, and waved her hand.

He raised his hat, and nodded back. It was a beautiful morning, and the budding things in the Park wafted pleasant odors to him. He felt better out in the air. How unpardonably churlish he had been that morning. Poor little Patsy! Well, she should not be so annoying! She never seemed to understand him. She never knew how to take him. Well, he would go home early and take her out for an airing in the Park, and he'd 'phone Thorley to send her up some violets. They turned the corner. He was yet standing on the rear platform and leaned out to look back. She was still at the window, with her face eagerly pressed to the pane. He raised his hat high in the air, and she waved her handkerchief. Her face was indistinct in the distance, but he saw the glint of her sun-kissed hair, and the fluttering signal.

Afterward he was glad he had not gone into the car till they turned the corner.

As he sat down, a man he knew casually at the hotel accosted him. It was Colonel Majoribanks.

CHAPTER XXVI.

“Getting money is not all a man’s business; to cultivate kindness is a valuable part of the business of life.”

TOM turned his attention to the little red-faced man in the seat beside him long enough to reply with cold civility to his neighbor’s greeting, then buried himself in the *Herald* stock quotations. He did not care to invite friendship with the residents of the Empress—it might be distinctly disadvantageous later on. Of course, he was obliged, now and then, to interchange greetings with the man who drank next to him, at the bar, or who accosted him in the reading-room as old Majoribanks had done; but it was not his intention to encourage these chance acquaintances.

Majoribanks again addressed him; but he hardly heard, so engrossed was he in a paragraph that enchained his attention. It was a very brief paragraph, indeed; but it told him more than anything in any paper he had ever before perused. It told him that his already limited income would, in future, be yet more attenuated, and that where he now reckoned a dollar in dimes, in future, he would compute this

splendid sum as *one hundred* cents! He already looked upon himself as extravagant in having bought the *Herald*—at the price of three pennies, when the *World* could have been had for two! And he drew from his pocket three cigars, which he regarded with melancholy affection—his very last, he dubiously told himself! In future, he must smoke cheap cigarettes—or a pipe—of clay! And the jig was up! The *Devil's Gulch* was just the hole its appellation argued! It had swallowed up their dollars, and now declined to disgorge. The splendid vein of copper which was to elevate them all to the pinnacle of opulence, turned out to be a mere streak in the rock! Poor Billy! It would be a great blow to him! He must hurry down to Wall Street and try to buoy him up! and Teddy Page—it would come hard on *him*! He was wanting to get married, and was only waiting to ask the adored one, till the Devil's Gulch reports looked a bit more promising. Still Teddy had something of an income left—and so had Billy! As for himself—well, it looked as if he would dine at *table d'hôte* and revel in *vin ordinaire* in the near hereafter! There was a queer little place in a basement on Twelfth Street, he recalled, where they gave you a dinner for thirty cents, and wine for fifteen cents more. It was said to be *Bohemian*, and some of the club fellows had risked their digestions there, on a Saturday night, and had seemed to turn

out alive on Sunday. It was a very merry little den, he was told, where they sang songs and made speeches, and went home dizzy with bad claret. He would probably be engaging board there the next week! At wholesale, the dinners ought to come a little cheaper!

And then his thoughts turned to Patsy. Poor little Patsy! She loved pretty things so! He thought of her in the clover-green negligée, with its ruffles and *jabots* of real *Mechlin*. How would she take it to come down to cotton morning-gowns, with no trimmings but the buttons—of *real bone*?

“And I don’t blame you, sir, and I apologize—I apologize *humbly*, sir,” Colonel Majoribanks was saying.

Tom nearly withered the little man with his stare of amazement. “I beg your *pahdon*,” he said, “were you addressing me? I fear I have not been paying attention.”

“I was saying, sir,” continued Colonel Majoribanks, “that when my wife told me what she had said I was simply dumfounded. ‘Helen Majoribanks!’ says I, ‘you’re a fool!’ and she shall apologize to Mrs. Pell, sir! Gad, sir! she shall tell her *she lied*!” with vigorous noddings of the head, and the periods emphasized with a thump of his stick. “As for Mrs. Pell—*my God*, sir! what a wife! She’s a woman in a million,

sir! I saw her in the corridor, yesterday, such a gentle-looking little thing, but with *such spirit*, sir! Gad, sir, *she's a trump!* ”

Tom was decidedly taken aback. What in the name of all that was wonderful was the old Burgundy Barrel driving at? And he didn't care to be told that his wife was “a trump”—it was an impertinence, a damned impertinence! When he wanted his wife commented on he'd let the public know. Yet, clearly, the old chump meant to be civil—he was positively servile, with his profuse apologies—but, really, he *wouldn't* mind knowing what it could all be about!

“If you would have the goodness to explain to me what Mrs. Majoribanks said——” said Tom, stiffly.

“Well, I don't know as I can do *that*, exactly,” lamented the Colonel, “but she didn't get *far!* She had just started in to tell her about seeing you and that little chit of De Puyster's roaming round (meaning no harm under the sun, I'd pointed the woman out to her one day, the Devil do me)—when, gad!” chuckling, hoarsely, “Mrs. Pell got up and showed her the door! Yes, sir! Just ushered her clean out of the place! Said that whatever you desired her to know of your movements, you were well able to tell her yourself—wouldn't hear another word—stood at the door, like the Queen of Great Britain and the Empress of India (said my wife) and bowed Helen Majoribanks *out!* ”

Tom's face brightened as he heard the Colonel's story. What a dear little wife it was! Indeed she *was* "a trump," and he'd tell her so, that very evening! And perhaps he had not been quite kind to her! He had surely neglected her a lot! Poor little Patsy! She must have been lonely—and how very nasty he had been to her that very morning! Well, she was worth being better to! There'd be time enough to be good to her, *now*! It would probably be his only diversion! He couldn't be much of a club-man on nothing a year, and still less of a "man about town!" Molly, and Mignon, and Jessica would have no further use for him, he would wager! But, somehow, he felt Patricia would not desert him! That poverty would not daunt her! That she would bear with him in the evil days as well as in the good! And he pictured to himself a cottage at Capri, the walls buried in clambering vines; a white tent, hung with hammocks, in the garden; Patricia, covered with a big blue apron cutting the salad; and himself—looking lazily on! No, they had not been happy! He had not been happy himself, nor made poor Patsy happy; but the trouble was they had been too civilized—too conventional! At Capri it would all be different. One frock was in fashion the whole year round; you could hire a little villa for "a song." And there was a very diverting lot of in-

habitants, whom you might know, or not, as it suited you.

Colonel Majoribanks' voice broke in upon his meditations.

"And she'll do it, sir. I had something of a time persuading her, but it's all settled now. She's a proud woman, is Mrs. Majoribanks, sir, and I told her I'd get out if she didn't; and I can tell you she didn't relish the grass-widow business for a second! And she'll say she lied, sir—*that is*," in a somewhat more subdued tone, "she said she would say she was *mistaken*,—which amounts to *just about* the same thing!"

Tom smiled into Colonel Majoribanks' entreating eyes.

"You will oblige me, my dear Majoribanks," he said, airily, "by seeing that Mrs. Majoribanks does nothing of the kind. I am quite willing Mrs. Pell should know of the whole affair, and, in fact, mentioned it to her, on my return home, last night. Further remarks on the subject would only distress her. What annoyed her so, in fact, was Mrs. Majoribanks' assumption that I had any intention of deceiving her (assuming to know of the whole affair), and that it should be necessary for our neighbors to inform her of my small escapades! Perfect confidence, I am happy to say, exists between Mrs. Pell and myself. She, therefore, feels justly indignant at Mrs. Majoribanks' insinuations, and would decline to receive her at present, even

armed with an apology. It would be better to let the whole matter drop. Well, I must leave you here. I stop at this corner. Good-morning. Won't you let me offer you a cigar? The shorter ones, I think, are the better flavor. *Good-morning ;*" and having parted with one of his three cherished cigars, in the very amiable mood the Colonel's conversation had created within him, he swung himself off the car, and sauntered over to his club for breakfast and his morning mail.

The breakfast-room was nearly deserted when he entered. The two or three who were there bade him "Good-morning," in a tone of condolence—for they, also, had read the morning journals ; but Tom replied very cheerily ; for the moment he was buoyed up with pride at possessing such a loyal little wife. Blessed if the dear little soul wasn't worthy of him !

Patricia turned slowly away from the window, letting the draperies drop back across the pane. There were no tears in her eyes ; only dull despair. The trivial thought that she had had no breakfast flitted into her mind, followed by the conviction that she wanted none. She drew on her soft, silken hosiery, clasping them above the knee with the golden buckles Tom had given her a few weeks after their marriage. There was a design of pansies in enamel, with here and there a drop of diamond dew. How close and oppressive it

was! She was stifling! She would hasten her dressing and get out into the air! She would order a hansom and drive about the Park—there was so much to think and plan—she could not think *here*, where Tom's presence pervaded every nook and corner;—she wanted just the sky and the trees *and motion*; she would like to drive away and away out on to some country turnpike, where she would meet never a soul, except some quaint old farmer now and then, jogging to market on a load of turnips!

Patricia drove around the Park, stopping at the Casino for a milk-punch, in lieu of lunch, served her at a little table out of doors. Then she went on up the Riverside, and out on St. Nicholas Avenue, and, at last, just as the cabby's poor bony old steed began to show signs of exhaustion, she ordered the man about, and gave him an address in the more populous part of the city.

Annette was pouring tea for Mr. Thorn when Patsy entered. She sprang up to greet her. Mr. Thorn welcomed her less effusively; in fact, he seemed much preoccupied, and sipped his tea with an air of considering that beverage very superior to conversation.

There was a pink flush upon Annette's cheeks and a light in her eye, quite unusual. Patricia looked paler by contrast.

"We were talking of Ned Wilkins—do you re-

member him?" said Annette. "He was out at the Fair, and went up in the Ferris Wheel with us one morning."

"I remember," said Patricia.

"And Mr. Thorn said——"

"I said he was no good," said Mr. Thorn, finding voice, and dropping his spoon into the saucer with a clatter, "I said he was no good—and he isn't!"

"But you will admit he knows some people who *are*!" said Annette, with an insinuating little grimace.

"Honora liked him," asserted Patricia, with an air of ending the argument.

"I wonder if he took her to dinner," hazarded Annette, with a meditative air. "He orders the most *delicious* dinners conceivable!"

"Hm!" said Mr. Thorn, with scorn, "did you happen to dine twice in the same season with him?"

"Possibly not. What has that to do with it?"

"*Everything!*" asserted Mr. Thorn. "Wilkins has just two prescriptions for a dinner—one you get in summer, and the other in winter, with slight variations in fall and spring."

"Mr. Wilkins has evidently been your host oftener than mine," said Annette gravely, "and under such circumstances, I can't help thinking you are somewhat discourteous!"

"The fellow's such a cad!" he muttered. "His

trousers are always a little *too* creased; and five minutes after he knows you—if you happen to be a bit swell—he's calling you by your first name!"

"I really cannot understand, then, why you should make it convenient to eat his dinners," said Annette severely.

"Unfortunately, I was, at one time, his attorney."

"*Oh!*" with a shade of irony.

"May I have some tea?" interrupted Patricia.

"Oh, *do* forgive me, dear," contritely apologized Annette, "this Thorn man is so aggravating he ruins my manners. Cream or lemon, dear?"

"It isn't my fault," said Mr. Thorn, in a very dejected sort of way, "what does she want to talk about Wilkins for?"

"He's very querulous, this afternoon—he won't let me talk shop—or books——" ("Or *Wilkins!*" interpolated Mr. Thorn,) "nothing suits him. I don't know why he comes——"

"Shall I tell you again?" eagerly asked Mr. Thorn.

"Oh—no!" said Annette, hastily. "I—I remember;—you were good enough to praise the tea."

"I come because I love you," he said simply. "I have been telling her about it," turning to Patricia; "and I might be talking in Choctaw, for all she will seem to understand—she talks of 'leaders' and 'scoops' and—*Wilkins!*"

Annette's face was aflame. She dropped four lumps of sugar absent-mindedly into her cup, and confusedly poured the tea till it overflowed into the saucer.

Patricia went over to Annette and kissed her. "I am glad, dear," she said softly.

"You think that to be loved by Mr. Thorn is to be honored?" she asked, with a haughty little toss of her head. "Well, to be loved by Miss Fay is to be unique!"

"And I aspire to be unique!" sighed Mr. Thorn.

"I *think*," said Annette with severity, "it is time you went home."

"Oh, do not send him away," said Patricia, "I am just going, myself, and—and then you can talk to him!"

"But I don't want *you* to go—I have *nothing* to talk about with Mr. Thorn,—but ever so much to talk of with you!"

"I have an engagement before dinner," said Patricia, in measured accents, as though reciting a lesson learned.

Annette looked up, puzzled at the tone.

"Come here, to the light, child," she said. "There is something the matter; you are not well!"

"You are always telling me that, Annette," laughed Patricia, hysterically.

"It is so! You are white as a little ghost!"

"True! I'm a white lady," mocked Patricia, with a

wretched attempt at gayety. "Now no more of your horrid compliments. *Good-bye!*"

But as Annette kissed her, she was alarmed to see tears in her eyes, and the lips pressed against hers quivered like a grieved child's.

"Patricia!" she exclaimed, in amazement, taking the little figure close in her arms.

But Patricia wrenched herself free, laughing, and ran out of the room. "*Good-bye,*" she called, gayly, at the top of the stairway, "*Good-bye,* Mr. Thorn. *Good-bye,* Annette."

"Run after her," said Annette. "Here! here's your hat. There is something the trouble. Tell her to come back."

"And may *I* come back?" asked Mr. Thorn, delaying on the threshold.

"You may come in Sunday if you will not be—bothersome."

"And to be bothersome is——?"

"To talk nonsense! It is a dreadful bore to be made love to, when you don't—care for the man!"

Mr. Thorn bowed. "*Good-bye,*" he said, simply.

Annette walked to the head of the stairs. He looked up as he reached the foot of the flight.

"*Au revoir,*" she said, smiling.

"*Good-bye,*" Mr. Thorn repeated, stopping by the rail.

"I will look for you Sunday."

"Do not look," said Mr. Thorn. "I will not come; I might be unable to resist being *bothersome*!"

"As you like," said Annette, turning to cross the hall. "I—shall be *home*—from three to five!"

Mr. Thorn looked up and down the street, as he descended the steps, and at the corner stood still to search the avenue. Patricia was nowhere in sight. Several hansoms were crawling up the hill; but he could not see if they were occupied.

CHAPTER XXVII.

“Those who have nothing left to hope, have nothing left to dread.”

IT was some five hours after Patricia had gone out that she again arrived at the Empress' doors.

All the unrest and turbulence of mind were at last subdued by her extreme exhaustion. Both mentally and physically she was utterly weary. The conflicting emotions of the evening before, the long hours of disquiet through the night, the insufficient sleep, dream-disturbed, followed by the brutally blunt revelations of the man who had plighted her his troth to cleave only unto her, *forsaking all others*—could only result in a day of desperate dejection. The beautiful spring day seemed full of mists, the sky hidden in haze; the sun's rays could not warm her; nor the multitude divert. It was no longer a great, wide world in which she was a mere speck of the populace; but it was a world the width of a hansom cab, in which she was the sole inhabitant. The days and weeks that filled the years had all become one vast, black night, stretching forever into the future; and the woes of all humanity were aggregated into one sorrow—and the sorrow was *hers*!

But as the day wore on, there came a blessed vision to woo away Despair—a vision of Death in beneficent guise. Not the grim Death of pain and affliction, hours of sore affright and struggle, but Death in the guise of A Woman with sweet, sad face, who lovingly stretched forth her arms and beckoned, smiling tenderly the while. “Come, my daughter,” she seemed to softly say. “Bring all thy burdens to me and I will take them from thee. “I am the Great Comforter. One soft touch of mine, and the wretched know peace; the suffering, rest. Many watch for me, call for me, pray for me. Some I shield from shame; bruised hearts I bind; great griefs I soothe, with the salve of oblivion. Creep close into my arms, little tired one, I will so gently enfold thee, and bear thee away—away—into royal realms called Peace!”

And as Patricia looked upon the Woman a weight of woe was lifted off her heart. The arms outstretched, full of tender entreaty, seemed fond and strong. Like a little child, cradled by its mother, she would rest in the arms of Death—*and forget*. Painlessly, joyously, gratefully, she would drift over the border-land of life into the promised Paradise of Peace.

And she smiled into the Woman’s eyes.

All the day long, with every thought had surged the undertone:—“He is sorry—*sorry—sorry* he mar-

ried me! It was all a mistake; a *mistake!* How will I bear it? What will I do?" till, like a ray of sunlight in the storm, came the resolution—" *I will die!* "

She would free him. Not by dragging him through the ditches of divorce; not by wandering away off in the land, where, without home, or money or friends, she would be poor credit to the honorable name of Pell; but by the simplest way in the world--the blotting out forever of her foolish, useless, erring existence. And it was all so simple! A few little pellets to be swallowed--and all was done. "A double dose of morphine," Tom had said. He hardly knew what instruction he was giving! And it was only last night. *Last night!* It seemed weary centuries ago!

Well, she would tell the cabby to turn about. She would go to see Annette. Annette--her only friend in all the big city! She felt she would like to tell Annette *good-bye*.

The rooms seemed very dark and dismal when she reached home, with the curtains drawn, and the shutters tight closed. She went from window to window, making everything light and letting in the cool breezes of the waning afternoon. And the light exposed to sight a little box and a telegram that awaited her.

A wan little smile crept over her pale face as she read Tom's message.

It was so long a while since he had thought it nec-

essary to inform her that he would not be up to dine. The little attention made her waver for a moment in what she had planned to do ;—called into life all the *longing* to see him again, before she went away.

But she crushed it back.

He would be home at ten—and she would not be there. “ Detained by meeting Devil’s Gulch Directors at Club, this evening. Home about ten.—Tom,” the message read. And he would come into the room, with a bang of the door, and call her. The lights would be low. When he turned them high he would find her lying on the divan. She would seem asleep. He would go softly about not to wake her. He would read the papers, and smoke, and never guess that it was *not Patricia* who lay so still—that it was only the face and the form of Patricia, that the little heart always beating so sturdily for him—was quiet now. *He would not know, then !*

She put away her hat and gloves, and, loosening her frock, exchanged it for the negligée of clover crêpe that Tom had, one day, deigned to praise.

Then she untied the little box. Violets ! *ah !* they were *sweet !* She would pin them in her belt—and would tuck the telegram in her corset ! The message and the flowers, did they not tell her that Tom was sorry he had hurt her so ! And when—he knew—that she was no more here, and he found his message close

to her still heart, and the violets where their odor would gladden the last breath God gave her—would he not know, even though she were quiet and mute, that she was grateful—for his thought of her, that day?

Yes—he was *sorry* he had hurt her;—and it comforted her to know she had a place in his thought; but could his tenderest consideration cure the scar in her heart! could anything in life blot out the torturing truth that he regretted that he had made her *his*. Could anything but death obliterate *the mistake*! Oh, let her hide from the anguish of it all. God forgive her—and take her.

Her temples throbbed. She was weak and dizzy. She would go over to the window-seat and pile the pillows high behind her, and count the little pellets in the packets she had bought. Since she awoke that morning she had eaten nothing, and was faint from lack of food, as well as exhausting excitement. The milk-punch she had sipped in the park, and the cup of tea Annette had given her, was all the sustenance she had taken that day.

She had quite a little budget of small envelopes in her lap, and was emptying small white disks into the palm of her hand. Some packets held one, and others two, but when she had them each emptied there were just twelve in all.

They had not been very easy to obtain. There had

been apothecaries who refused to sell even one tiny disk, without a physician's prescription; but there were others unable to resist her artless appeal.

"I only want a very little," she said, "not a dangerous quantity. Oh, yes, I am accustomed to taking it. I must write my name in a book? How odd! It is the law? Oh, very well!"

Such tiny little disks. They really did not look as if they could do any one any harm! She wondered if they were swallowed whole, or should she dissolve them in wine? She had had morphine given her once, when she was ill. She remembered it was bitter. Well, she would swallow them whole, and take the wine, too! There was a bottle of port in Tom's closet, ever and ever so old! They had been saving it for a special occasion—and was not this rather *special*, in a way?

And, now, wasn't there some little, last thing to do? Oh, she could put Tom's desk in order—and the laundry had come up, she would put that away; she wished—oh, she *wished* there was something to do for Tom before—she went—*away*. Some last little service she might perform for him—but there was nothing—nothing; if only a button were missing from something what a happiness it would be to replace it! Well, this pink shirt must be tossed away—it was fading, and the lavender stripe, too, the collar was worn a bit on one

point—and oh! here was a sock with the least tiny hole—*would* he wear it if she mended it ever so neatly, with flat silk floss? He had always declared he would never wear a mended sock—but if she did it so carefully that it could not possibly hurt—— Well, she would venture it, and each stitch should be taken with a thread of love.

When the coveted task was completed—the laundry laid neatly away between wide mats of sweet Mexican grasses, Tom's desk relegated to order, with inkstands filled and fresh pens in the holders, she sat down and wrote:—

“You remember, dear, when you asked me first, to be your wife, I would not listen. I knew it would be wrong—that it was in compassion that you asked me—not because you felt I was necessary to your life. But afterwards dear, day and night—all my thoughts were dwelling on the joy of living always near you—of being yours—and having you *mine*. And I *hoped*, Tom, you would ask me again!

“You did! and we were married! And it was wrong! And yet, I *cannot* say, dear, that I could do differently, to-day, if it were all to do over—and *you asked me again!* For deep down in my soul, sweetheart, is the treasured memory of days so dear, they are worth an age of pain!—and when I have gone, and left

you quite free—you will forgive me, won't you, Tom, all the burden and the bother I have been? For, you see, I am *trying* to atone.

“You are so dear! I love you so! And I thank you for giving me those days. It is hard to go, sweetheart—away out of the world—to know that never, *never* again will I be near you—never again to touch you, to kiss you—it is very hard, Tom, to go! I—I am crying, Tom. I cannot help it, dear! You would forgive me to-day—would you not? It makes you angry to have me cry, and I am splashing the page all up—but, please try not to be annoyed, for I am *so tired* I cannot write it all over again, you know. My head *hurts* so, dear;—if only—*only* you would come—and—kiss my forehead—quite gently, it would be quite well, I know. It—it—is very hard to go—don't you understand, without one little last word, dearest, from you?

“Thank you for the beautiful violets, dear. I have them close to me, you see. I leave one here in the envelope for you. I have held it close to my lips and given it messages for you—it will tell you good-bye. And—Tom—when you find I am gone—if you will lift me up, and hold me in your arms, just a moment—hold me tight, you know, dear, like you used to, and kiss me—*just once*—I think I will know! Good-night.

“PATRICIA.”

One, two, three—would three be enough? And a glass of port to help swallow them, and if three was not enough then, three more!

She went to the mantel and lit a Nestor; she would smoke awhile—it always soothed her, when she was nervous—then she would sit down in the window-seat—*and wait*.

There was a man across the way tossing a baby in the air, it came down chuckling, and crowing. She wished she had a baby! It was such a sweet, chubby little morsel! Oh, she *wished* it were hers! But no—no—if she had a baby, how could she go and leave it, even to give Tom his freedom!

The cigarette burned down to her fingers, and scorched them with the heat. Oh, she must take more morphine. She was not even sleepy. She could not have had enough. She would take four this time. Another glass of wine. Another cigarette. She returned to the window-seat.

Ah! she felt strangely now. It was growing dark. She groped her way back into the room. So dark! She could hardly see! The divan! Where was the divan? Well, anywhere would do! She would just lie down on the rug a little while. She was dizzy. The room reeled about her. The blackness of night surrounded her. Then little golden glints danced about in the dusk, and it seemed to her that she floated

from the ceiling, down, down, till with just a little shock she landed on the rug where she lay. And she was frightened! "Tom," she called. "Tom," beseechingly. "I—would *like* him to come," she said, piteously. "It is lonely—to—die—without *any*—body."

Then the room grew dark again, and she was dreaming. They were in Canada. It was Cacouna. The long, low-built hotel with the broad piazza; and she was sitting near two old ladies with their knitting. There was a young girl there, too, with flaxen hair, and great, gray eyes. "But if one has been wrong and repents," she was saying, "and God forgives, why do not we?" And the austere old ladies frowned, and, said one, coldly, "The woman with a past, my dear, is the woman without a future."

Oh, how tired—how tired she was. She would go to sleep—soon. Was it not time for Tom to come—she would like to go and watch for him, but it was so far, she was so tired. Oh, and the lights. She had forgotten to make lights. And it was all dark. She must try to light—one gas-jet—so Tom would not find it all dark.

She dragged herself up and tried to reach the matches; but first, she would—lie—down—on the divan—she—must rest. Oh—she could never get to the divan—the rug was nearer—*Ah-h!* she was falling—falling—oh!

but it did not matter—it did not hurt. “Tom! have you come, dear? *Tom!*” Didn’t she hear footsteps? Oh, they were passing the door. It was queer, to be sleeping so, on the piazza, at Cacouna! How viciously the old ladies in the rockers over there frowned upon her; they rocked and gossiped, rocked and gossiped, *Oh-h*—they were rocking on her head! She tried to cry out, but no sound came. Was her tongue—*dead*?

Ah, how delightful! She was floating on a little cloud. And what was this beautiful garden? There were walls of pearl—and a high gate of gold, studded with gorgeous gems. A man guarded the gate. An old, old man, with long white beard and floating white locks, and in his hand he held a golden bugle, and a little cloud that bore her floated right down to the old man’s feet, and rested there.

“May I come in?” she asked. “It must be very *beautiful* in your garden, and I have come a long way—I am *very* tired.”

And the old man made no answer.

“Where will I go, if you will not let me in?” she asked him timidly.

But the old man made no sign.

Then the little cloud rose very slowly and she felt herself starting on another journey—and she was tired.—*why* could they not stay! “Is there *no place* for me?” she begged. “I—I am *really* too tired to go any

farther, and I'll be so quiet, sir,—I—I'll not be any bother——”

But the old man stopped her with a gesture—a gesture that waved her away; and, with a little sob, she hid her face in a fold of the cloud, for his eyes filled her with fright. And he spoke. The words came to her faintly out of the distance.—“ *The woman with a past is the woman without a future!* ”

And the little breezes whispered the words, “without a future.”—And the echoes moaned, “*without a future.*”

Little clouds drifting, drifting,—bearing her first here, then there, always the feeling of fatigue, the craving for rest, never stopping, floating, drifting—was this *Death?*

THE END.

MAR 7 1921

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 009 656 631 1